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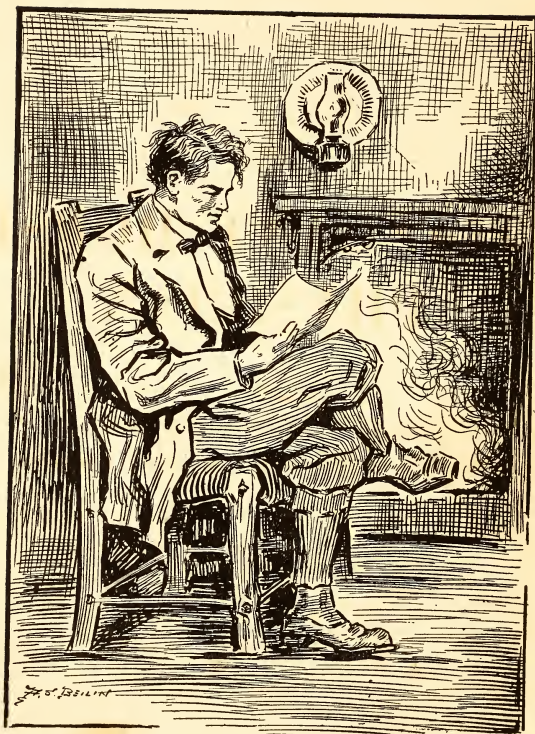
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I received a letter from a friend in El Paso (Page 51)

VETERINARY MEDICINE SERIES

No. 11

THE
ITINERANT HORSE
PHYSICIAN

BY

MART R. STEFFEN, M. D. C.

Author Special Veterinary Therapy, Special Cattle Therapy, Etc.



Chicago

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INTRODUCTION

THE ITINERANT HORSE PHYSICIAN

The experiences of the Itinerant Horse Physician as recorded in the following pages can never again be duplicated, for matters veterinary have changed for the better throughout the regions he traversed. Still the deplorable conditions dependent upon unregulated veterinary practice of unqualified men calling themselves veterinarians, is yet a serious problem in far too many localities and states; and this work cannot fail to help solve that problem by placing vividly before the whole profession and others interested the real calamity that unqualified veterinarians constitute to the live stock industry. Never before has the evil of the charlatanic veterinarian been portrayed in such glaring ugliness or condemned so tellingly.

It must not be thought that the author or the publisher hold out the example of the Itinerant Horse Physician for the emulation of the young practitioner; rather is it to show the folly of believing the largest and ripest berries are always to be found on the next bush. But along with considerable information of a scientific nature, many a lesson in self-reliance can be gleaned from these pages that will stand the young practitioner in good stead when he faces that greatest problem of a veterinary practice—the public.

The historical value of this record of experiences of the Itinerant Horse Physician is not

to be minimized. Here we have delineated in the inimitable style of the author the evolution of farriery into the profession of veterinary medicine, concurrently with the attainment of professional accomplishments in older parts of the country, of which every veterinarian may be proud.

The historical value of the work and the interest which it arouses are enhanced not a little by the punctilious accuracy of the author as to places and dates; by the fact that he has neither overdrawn nor underdrawn in his description of occurrences and by the unusual realism of the pen pictures of his characters. In only a few cases, and then only for very obvious reasons, have fictitious names of persons been employed.

THE PUBLISHER.

Chicago, April, 1916.

CHAPTER I

EARLY TRAINING VS. NATURAL INCLINATION

My father was in the tobacco business. When I was born he began to make plans for me, his first son, to follow in his footsteps, and had visions of an immense project in his line which was eventually to make me the tobacco king of the universe.

What I know about psychology is but little; however, I believe his plans were knocked into a cocked hat at the very moment when he allowed my first Santa Claus to bring me for my first Christmas on earth a stuffed specimen of the equine species.

As I have already remarked, my knowledge of psychology is very limited, but I do believe that, with the plans he made for me when I made my appearance in his family, he should have picked old Santa's stock over a little more carefully, and his first order for me should have been a wooden Indian.

While I lived with my father eighteen years, our home was on the western limits of the city of Milwaukee. A few blocks from our home lived an



I early showed a predilection
for horses

eccentric old man, who folks thereabouts called "Cowboy Charlie." He made a good living by trading horses and by taking city horses for pasturage at a couple of dollars the month. He was a sharp-witted old fellow and square and broad-minded to a fault. He had received a good education in the old country and had gravitated to the level of a horse jockey as the result of domestic disturbances induced by a flighty wife.

Here, with old Charlie, I spent my holidays and evenings after school. When my companions of the day were playing ball or other games I was with old Charlie, breaking broncos or swapping horses.

When I had finished school, my father took the bull by the horns, so to speak, and placed me in the wholesale leaf tobacco house, where I was to get my preliminary training for the work he had outlined for my future career. While I worked at this place I kept up my friendship with old Charlie and evenings and Sundays were spent in his company, and there, to old Charlie, I made my protests against the work which my father was forcing me to take up, and which was not to my liking. Every night we would talk about it and old Charlie sympathized with me always.

When I had been about a year in the leaf tobacco house I began to be so dissatisfied that every day became well-nigh unbearable. I longed for the open, for the roughness of the horse world, and my thoughts were never with my work.

It was about at this stage of my development that I made the acquaintance of a certain vet-

erinary surgeon, and he so imbued me with the spirit of his calling that I then and there decided that I had found my vocation. Prospectuses from various colleges, were applied for at once, and the tobacco business lost what little interest it yet held for me. But, now to break the news to the "governor."

This always seemed an easy matter when I was in one end of the town and he in another, but as soon as he stood before me I lost all courage and several months passed before I could even bring myself to think of the matter in his presence.

I had not been losing ground during this time. My mother was fully informed of my intentions, and with her help I finally faced the issue. Never will I forget my father's anger on this occasion.

He allowed me to finish my plea and then the storm broke. When it was over I was packing a satchel and my brain was having a storm of its own. I had been ordered to leave the house. The "governor" was done with me.

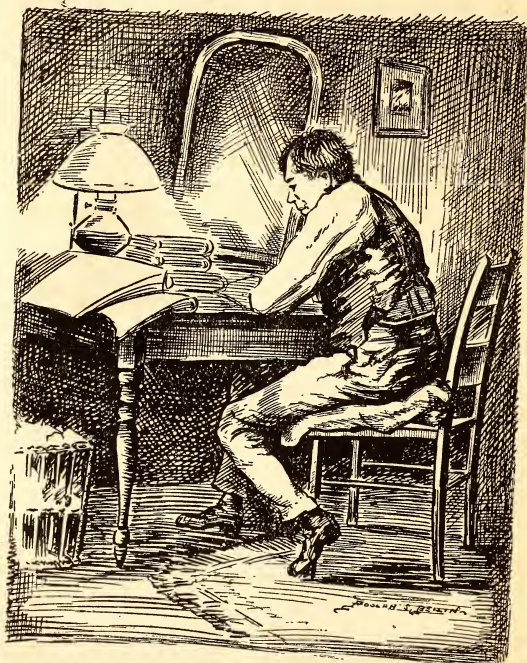
But I did not leave the house that day. I knew my mother full well and I took a long time packing that satchel, and just as I was putting in the last pair of socks my mother came up and said



"Cowboy Charlie"

that Dad told her I might remain if I wanted to continue at my job in the leaf tobacco house.

I took advantage of this truce and went back



I saved up some money and bought an anatomy and began to study nights

to work. I saved up some money and bought an anatomy and began to study nights, then, about three months after my first break with the

“governor,” I quit my job and went home and faced him again.

The storm that struck me the first time was as a gentle breeze compared to the one that I had now to encounter, but I weathered through it, backed up by mother. I was now in my eighteenth year, and as I look back to that day, now twelve years gone, I wonder at the ways of men, and at the ironies of fate. I have faced many storms since that day, brain storms and every other kind of storm, against which that second outburst of my father's was but a gentle love tap.

CHAPTER II

A PRACTICE WON AND LOST IN MILWAUKEE

After my resignation from the tobacco business, I became a student at a Milwaukee veterinary hospital and remained there for eight months prior to my entering college. At the termination of my apprenticeship in the Milwaukee institution, I matriculated in the Chicago Veterinary College and after three years of hard study I graduated with honors. This pleased my father, who had now been wholly won over to my view and who paid my way through college.

I had just become of age and at once opened up an office on the south side of Milwaukee.

Within a few months, I was doing a very fair practice and would probably have remained there permanently but for two reasons.

The first of these was my old friend Charlie. After I graduated our friendship continued and I took much delight in patching up various crippled and unsound steeds which came into his possession by various means and which he later sold again at good profit. This was all right and could do no harm. What did have effect on me was the fact that old Charlie had traveled much in his younger days. His stories of his travels gave me the wanderlust and old Charlie rather encouraged it in me. It did not set good with him to see me come out of school with colors flying and then squat in the place of my birth.

The second item which had some bearing on my future life was in the form of one of those imported German counts.

This gentlemen became very much attached to me and as he retained quite a good many of his foreign ideas about life, it became necessary for me to join in his numerous sprints. I say necessary; at least I thought so at that time. The Count had control of several dollars' worth of practice which was mine only so only as I was his friend.

I tried to hold up my end of the performance as well as he did his, but at the end of several months, I found that I was going under.

When one gets so that he can't begin the day without two or three doses of corn juice, he must be going under.

On top of this, and, of course, as a result thereof, more money seemed to be going out than was coming in. When my clients wanted me I could not be found and so my practice soon went from me.

I had enough good sense to see how things were turning out and before I went wholly on the rocks, I sold my horse and buggy, promised to pay my debts, and left for Texas.

Before I left, I took the United States Civil Service examination for Veterinary Inspector, and successfully passed it. This was in September, 1904.

CHAPTER III

A NEW START IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST

When I left Milwaukee for Texas, I was a young fellow, just twenty-one, and had never been more than two hundred miles from home. I was a typical middle-westerner and my ideas of life and the world were pretty simple ones.

I had no more conception of what I would find in Texas than I now have of the next world. I selected Texas as a place to go to merely because the name had charms for me and because it was far away.

I had in my possession a letter from one of my instructors to the State Veterinarian of Texas and on this letter I banked for a start. The State Veterinarian at that time resided in Houston and to that point I purchased my ticket, taking advantage of the colonist rates then in force which gave me a ticket to Houston and return for twenty-two dollars and fifty cents. The return portion of this ticket I have still in my keeping and it is a highly treasured souvenir.

My route lay over the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road to Kansas City and from Kansas City over the "Katy" (Missouri, Kansas & Texas), through the old Indian Territory. I remember, better than all else on this trip, the booming towns in the territory where oil had recently been struck. Never before, nor since, have I seen such an example of hustle and bustle.

I arrived in Houston on the sixth of October; and it was hot. I left the north with my winter clothes, as it was getting quite chilly there when I left. There, in Houston, for the first weeks I thought I would die from heat and I spent a great part of the time riding on the front end of street cars, where the breeze was strong, trying to keep cool.

When I arrived and got out of the Grand Central Station, I got into one of the hotel buses standing at the curb and was taken to the Hotel Rice. I registered, and then went into the cafe; then I went back into the lobby and got my grip back and told the clerk to check me off the register again. I had found out that it would cost me about four dollars a day to stay there and in view of my cramped financial position, I had to change hotels.

I went from the Hotel Rice to the Bristol Hotel, where I could stay for two dollars a day. I remained a guest there for half a day.

After depositing my satchel at the Bristol Hotel, I began a search for the State Veterinarian, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and found him in a small wooden building very much like a small real estate office on a new town addition, on the corner of Famine and Prairie Avenues.

He was a fine, gentlemanly man and, as he was a native of the north, I soon came to feel at home. He was in need of an assistant but could not quite afford to pay me what I thought I was worth.

After haggling over my salary for several days, we agreed on a kind of partnership. All business done up to two hundred dollars each month was to be divided between us equally. All over that sum went to him in a lump. This arrangement made it possible for me to make a hundred dollars a month and I did so as long as I worked on this basis.

I found many things here during my first few months' stay which took a good bit of the middle-westerner out of me and which broadened my mind considerably. Also, I found that I would have to brush up on several points in my profession. I encountered many conditions and diseases here which were rare or unknown in the north.

When I had entered into the partnership above referred to I took a room with an elderly couple in the residence section and soon I was very much at home in my new surroundings. Only at certain times did I have a longing for my northern home and I will never forget how I was affected by the advertising signs of a certain brand of tobacco which was on the market at the time. It was called "Old North State"; everywhere on telephone poles, on fences and barns these signs were tacked up. "Use Good Old North State"; many weeks passed before I could read one of the signs without flinching.

Another difficulty I experienced in Houston during the early part of my stay there was in connection with the attitude of the whites towards the negroes. It was quite a long time before I

could refrain from showing them courtesies which were considered out of place there. I had the middle-westerner firm grounding on the equality of peoples and it hurt when I had to extract it.

But this was overcome in time and gave me no trouble later.

I had not been in Houston many weeks before I got the "happy-go-lucky spirit" of the south and west. I began to have visions of big deals in lands, in cattle and other big enterprises and I wanted to expand. Everybody who amounted to anything talked of big things; big oil strikes or cattle deals; or a land sale of thousands of acres. My middle-west sense of proportion was torn into shreds and I began to get the wanderlust again; wanted to see some of this big action.

To this day I have not entirely overcome that desire to move; it comes to the fore every now and then and it has cost me dearly more than once.

At just about the time when that hundred dollars per month was getting on my nerves, I received a commission from the United States Department of Agriculture as a veterinary inspector in the Bureau of Animal Industry, with orders to report for duty at Fort Worth, Texas. I have mentioned before that I took the civil service examination before leaving Milwaukee; this appointment followed it.

I had not notified the civil service commission of my change of address and the appointment letter had been sent to my home address in Milwaukee and forwarded to me by my father, reach-

ing me in Houston on the day on which I was to go on duty in Fort Worth.

The position paid only a hundred dollars a month also, but I thought it would give me an opportunity to satisfy my craving for a change of environment and so I wired my acceptance and left for my station that night.

Before leaving the State Veterinarian assured me that he would be pleased to have me return and continue in his employ if the government position should be unsuitable. I am not sure whether he made the assertion in good faith. Nevertheless, I was back in Houston inside of two weeks and he kept his word.

Arriving at Fort Worth, I was put on hog inspection in Armour's Packing House. Meat inspection at that time, as governed by government regulations, was a farce and in the light of my opportunities in other fields, I did not care to be a party to what I considered hoodwinking the public. The reader must remember that this was twelve years ago before the meat inspection law of 1906, before the publication of "The Jungle" and when congress was niggardly with the Department of Agriculture and looked upon meat inspection chiefly as a means of procuring export trade.

The climax of this part of my career was precipitated by a quarrel with the chief inspector who persisted in releasing animals which I condemned, and I resigned. He had been in the service so long that he had become calloused to conditions which were repugnant to me. As

evidence that I was not entirely wrong about this I had the satisfaction to see him reduced to the rank of ordinary inspector soon thereafter.

As I said, I resigned and went back to Houston and took up my work where I had left off. I was in a restful frame of mind again and for about two months I was satisfied that Houston just suited me.

The hot weather kept right up and on Christmas day there came a nice warm rain. This rain interfered with the proper Christmas festivities as they are conducted there, which is on the order of our Fourth of July celebration in the north—fireworks and all that goes with it.

Speaking of Fourth of July celebrations brings to my mind a type of native which I frequently encountered in east Texas and who gave me much concern at first. They are "old timers" who do not seem to know that the Civil War is over and forgotten. To them every man from the north is a hated "Yank" and in some of the "back-in-the-sticks" places in east Texas it is best not to speak too plainly about your place of birth if you happen to be from the north side of the Mason-Dixon line.

The month of February came and I began to get the spring fever. I had now been in Texas four months and I wanted to see more of it. I began to look around for a location with a view of going into practice on my own hook again, and after some casting about, I decided to go to Temple, in Bell County, one of the best farming counties in Texas.

I had not saved a dollar in Houston during the four months and had to borrow some money to get started in Temple. I thought I could well afford to do so considering what bonanza location Temple seemed to be. It was then a town of about ten thousand people and a few miles away is Belton, the county seat, also a good town. An electric railway connects them. In neither of these towns nor in any town within a radius of fifty miles was there a graduate veterinarian.

The surrounding country was thickly settled with good farmers and it looked like a fine opening.

I stayed there about six weeks. During those six weeks, I earned about six dollars.

After I had been there a few weeks and saw how things were going, I made application for reinstatement in the government service and through the good offices of my friend, the State Veterinarian in Houston, I was given an assignment on Colonel Dean's force in the quarantine division. This meant field work, in the open, and suited me exactly.

I had been corresponding with a classmate of mine who had located in Massachusetts. He wanted to come west. Although I had done little or no business in Temple, I could see no reason for it, I can't see any reason to this day, why there was no business there. I sincerely believed that the business was there and would come in time. I wrote my former classmate about the situation and he came and took my office a few days before my government job went into effect.

He remained there three months and had to borrow money to get out of town, as I had to do also when I left there.

I borrowed money to get in and start and then borrowed more to get out and quit.

CHAPTER IV

PRACTICE IN TEXAS

When I first began to practice my profession in Texas I made the discovery that there were a number of diseases among animals which I had never seen in the northern animals.

The first one of these was anthrax, and, by the way, one of the first cases that came into my hands after my arrival in Texas was a case of anthrax in a horse. I remember the case very well. It was on a hot Sunday afternoon, and the horse in question was a driver stabled in a private stable in the residence section in Houston. The animal was taken sick about noon and the owner called me at about two in the afternoon. When I arrived, the owner stated that the sickness came on suddenly; the horse had been standing, quietly eating, when suddenly he stopped eating and seemed somewhat delirious. Very soon thereafter he went down. I found him down, showing some delirium. On various parts of his body, but mostly in front of the trachea and under the belly, he had an edematous swelling. The owner stated these came on since he was taken sick.

The visible membranes showed echymoses; the temperature was quite high.

The owner was a pleasant chap and did not try to "think what is the matter with him," but when I told him I thought his horse had anthrax, he disagreed with me; he said he thought it was

charbon. I explained that charbon and anthrax were the same and complimented him on his ability to diagnose the case. He stated that he was quite familiar with this disease, having been raised in the low-lands of east Texas. "But," he said, "folks hereabouts always call in charbon."

Of course I remembered the synonyms of anthrax.

The horse died in about three hours, having had, no doubt, the apoplectic form.

Anthrax, or charbon, was very common in that country in those days. Even within the city it was not rare. I clearly remember an instance in my experience occurring in a small dairy which was conducted in the residence portion of Houston. Three or four cows died in two days with anthrax.

So common was the disease that many people would not call in the veterinarian at all, recognizing the disease themselves and "just letting them die."

This was no doubt one of the reasons why the disease was so common; almost no preventive measures were taken and carcasses were not properly destroyed.

Another disease which was very common there was tetanus. Very few horses died from it, however; it seemed to run a very mild course. The latter point made it necessary for me to change my prognosis in tetanus cases; in Wisconsin we usually gave a very unfavorable prognosis because the mortality there from tetanus was very high. Here, in Texas, I discovered that I

could usually give a very favorable prognosis for cases of tetanus.

The disease which gave me the most trouble when I first began to practice in east Texas was the botryomycotic infection commonly known as "summer sores."

Some of my experiences with this condition were most discouraging and I did not make much progress with my handling of these cases until an old practitioner "put me next" to a few things. Most of the practitioners with whom I discussed this disease had only a very poor understanding of the pathology of it; most of them had never heard of botryomyces. Some of them attributed the condition to the *filaria irritans*. A few of them ascribed the condition to cancerous processes, calling it cancer. Nearly every one had a different form of treatment for this disease; and most of the treatments did not accomplish very much.

I remember one instance which occurred while I was in Texas in which a very competent veterinarian diagnosed a botryomycotic infection of the genitals in a stallion as dourine. I mention this merely to illustrate how little even the local practitioners knew about botryomycosis at the time of which I write.

One condition which I expected to find in the south was insolation, or heat stroke. Great was my surprise when an old practitioner in Houston told me that this condition was practically never seen there. Later I found this to be true. I had one or two cases of "over-heating" in a mild form,

but regular sun-stroke such as we get in the north, I never encountered in the south.

An interesting point along therapeutic lines I learned in the extreme western part of Texas, where the altitude is very high, being sometimes 5,000 feet above sea level. This point was in regard to the treatment of pneumonia, and other febrile conditions, but pneumonia most especially, and consists in the fact that one must be very careful in the use of heart depressants such as acetanilid, phenacetin, all coal-tar products, and even quinin.

The doctor who treats his pneumonia cases there as most of us do in the lower altitudes will have many deaths, usually in the first day or two of the attack. Pneumonia patients in those altitudes truly die of heart exhaustion, and few fatal cases live over a few days. It is a good place in which to take lessons in the treatment of this disease—lessons that are valuable in any altitude.

CHAPTER V

WITH UNCLE SAM

A whole year had gone by now since my graduation and I had nothing except a little experience to show for it. Money I had none, and what was worse, I was in debt.

I owed several friends money in Milwaukee and also in Houston. Likewise in Temple where I had had to borrow money to get out of town.

I was now twenty-two years old and in good health. I was full of life and the world looked bright to me in spite of my misfortune.

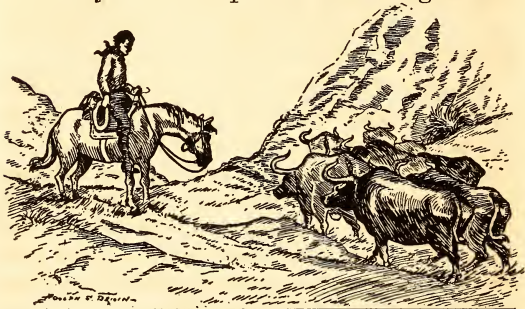
So far only one occurrence had the effect of sadness on me and that was a notice which I received, while in Temple, of the death—self-inflicted—of my old friend Charlie. Aside from this, I could see nothing but cheerful success ahead of me, as I began my duties for the second time in the government service. As my work this time would be inspecting animals on the hoof at various ranches and stock yards, I looked forward to my new appointment with much interest.

My first appointment as veterinary official in the Bureau of Animal Industry was in the fall of 1904, shortly after my arrival in Texas. By a strange coincidence I was to go on duty at Fort Worth, Texas.

The position at that time paid only \$1,200.00 a year, and the veterinarian went by the title of "Meat Inspector."

The inspection, as it was carried out then, was very slipshod and unscientific. Under instructions, I sat for nine hours, with a short lunch period, in a chair inspecting hog viscera. I was supplied with a pronged stick for poking any particular set into position for a better view. Unless a gross pathological process was present, it was impossible to detect abnormalities.

This system of inspection did not agree with



I was sent to Colorado City, Texas, to inspect cattle for interstate shipment

my ideas of "value received," and when my superior persisted in releasing the few carcasses which I did hold up in spite of this poor method of inspection, I resigned. I had been on the job only two weeks.

When I was reinstated in the service, in the spring of 1905, I went into the quarantine division.

In this division I found an entirely different state of affairs. The inspectors were capable and efficient fellows, and did their work well.

My orders were to report for duty at Fort Worth to Dr. Wallace (who has since died), there to get my instructions and to be "broken in." After ten days, I was supposed to be "broke in" sufficiently and was sent to Colorado City, Texas, to inspect cattle, out of the modified quarantine area, for inter-state shipment. My instructions were to report to Dan McCuningham, inspector in charge at Colorado City, and work under his orders; but when I arrived McCuningham was away making an inspection.

Somehow word had reached Colorado City that an assistant inspector would make his appearance on that day and my services were in demand at once. A certain cattle man had fourteen hundred head of steers he wanted to ship. The cattle were gathered, cars ordered and they must be inspected at once. My chief was away, and I, as assistant, must make the inspection which, in that locality, was for Texas fever ticks.

These "ticks," when full grown, are about the size of a grain of corn and my inspection papers, when signed by me, would certify that every one of those fourteen hundred steers was free from ticks; if I could have found one tick on one steer, I should have had to refuse to issue them clearance papers.

From this you can imagine that I was not very much at ease on this job. Here I was, new at the work, and new to this life, with fourteen hundred wild Texas steers staring me in the face, demanding inspection. But "I slipped one over" on this

first job in my new official capacity in the following manner:

It was the custom at that time for the state of Texas to appoint local inspectors in each county to assist in maintaining the federal quarantine lines and to make inspections of cattle for movement within the state of Texas. In addition to this they also made an inspection (for the state of Texas) of all cattle moving out of the quarantined area for any purpose whatever.

These state inspectors were laymen, but usually expert "cow-men" and very dependable inspectors. In the instance of my first inspection two of these state inspectors, Tom Benson and Joe Merritt, were present. I allowed them to make their inspection first and when they gave me their opinion that the herd was free from ticks, I felt that I need have no scruples about issuing my certificate. I made only a casual examination and frankly told the state inspectors that I had confidence in their inspection. In this manner I not only slipped through an embarrassing position, for I knew absolutely nothing about inspecting cattle in herds on the plains, but I also gained the friendship and good-will of the two state men. They did many good turns for me as long as I was stationed at Colorado City and are numbered among my staunch friends to this day.

On the following day McCunningham made his appearance and I worked under his supervision for a time, until I was capable of making a thorough inspection.

This McCunningham was one of the old live-

stock agents of which not many are left in the Bureau of Animal Industry. They were not veterinarians, but most of those with whom I became acquainted were good "cow-men" and had a very good knowledge of the quarantine regulations and of the diseases for which they were on the lookout.

One of these government agents, the late Col. Albert Dean, will bear mention especially. He was a fine man in every respect and for many years was in charge of the quarantine division covering Texas, New Mexico and Arizona and portions of other states. Veterinarians as well as others were under his supervision and all held him in high esteem. Officially he ranked even above the inspector in charge at Kansas City and was for many years and until his death, about three years ago, an instructor in a veterinary college there.

I remained at Colorado City about two months and was then transferred to El Paso, to inspect animals of all kinds for importation into the United States from Mexico.

In this position, I traveled along the Mexican border from Sanderson, Texas, to Nogales, Arizona. It was interesting work, although at times hazardous and connected with much hardship. In a short time I could speak Spanish enough to make my dealings with the Mexican cattle-men more agreeable and this knowledge of Spanish came to be quite useful in other lines.

After I became proficient in the art of inspecting stock on the hoof, I found the work very

interesting. The constant traveling about, from one town to another and from the towns to the various ranches and ranges, was exactly to my liking. Besides, there was plenty of chance for excitement; in some spots the territory which I had in charge was quite "wild and woolly." Almost every day there was need for considerable "backbone," and now and then for more than considerable. A few of my experiences will suffice to give the reader an idea of what the veterinary inspector does in the quarantine division for a hundred dollars per month. (Today he gets \$116.67 per month.)

A request came to the office one day for inspection of some two thousand head of steers out of the modified quarantine area. I was detailed to proceed to the point given and make the inspection without delay. I left my station in the evening, rode on the train all night and arrived at the place, Marathon, early the next morning.

The regulations affecting the modified quarantine area stipulated that the cattle must be inspected on the ranch or range; they must not be trailed until the government inspector had certified them. The inspection was chiefly for Texas fever ticks, but other infectious diseases, like scab for example, must not be ignored.

When I arrived at Marathon the owner of the cattle met me at the depot. He stated that the cattle were within a few miles of the town, having been driven from the ranch in Pecos County. Here was a calamity. Pecos County, where the ranch was located, was in quarantine. Mara-

thon, where the cattle now were, was in Brewster County, in the free area. My duty, according to the government regulations bearing upon a case of this kind, would be to declare the cattle in quarantine at once wherever I found them. I had no right, even to look at them in an official capacity. The cattle were from an infected area and must be looked upon as infected. The fact that they had been trailed out of the quarantined area in violation of the regulations placed them beyond the pale of eligibility for inspection for the time being. I must place them under quarantine for thirty days, at the expiration of which the owner might apply for inspection to obtain their release.

You can imagine that a cow-man would not take this matter very lightly. Here were around two thousand steers, valued easily at \$50,000.00, in prime shape for market. Along comes "a young kid of a government inspector," working for a hundred dollars a month, who says the cattle cannot be shipped. But this was not the biggest trouble. When word was passed around that the government inspector had said the cattle were to be considered under quarantine, the ranchmen on whose property the cattle happened to be at the time wanted to drive them off; their district was in the free area, open to all markets, and they did not want the herd on their places.

My first act was to wire my chief, old Col. Dean, at Kansas City, what I was up against. I received a reply which upheld my action and ordered me to properly institute a quarantine

over the herd and then return to my station. This made me feel good, I assure you.

When, four weeks after, I was again detailed to inspect the herd I found them absolutely free from infection. As far as I know the owner of that herd has not forgiven me to this day; I lost his goodwill. But,—I had to enforce the regulations.

On another occasion I was detailed to inspect a small herd of cattle, numbering about three hundred head, for shipment out of the modified quarantine area near the town of Colorado, Texas.

The ranch on which the cattle were at the time was known to be infected with ticks, and no cattle had passed inspection there for several seasons. My superior officer gave me warning to "look sharp" and be on my mettle, for not only was the ranch known to be infected, but the owner was also known for his trickery in "trying to get by."

Two inspectors acting for the State of Texas accompanied me to the ranch. We found the herd gathered in a small corral, barely large enough to hold them. This was the first evidence to me that the owner of the herd was on to his job; it is a most difficult matter to make a thorough inspection for ticks under such conditions. The cattle crowd and join together, giving the inspector no chance to view the parts where ticks are most commonly seen, such as the dewlap, escutcheon, udder, lower flank, and so on.

When the inspector pushes his horse into the bunch, he is immediately surrounded by the

herd; the cattle find it impossible to spread out, and handle his mount as he may, the inspector remains constantly in the jam. Besides, it is a very difficult matter to "cut out" a cow or a steer for individual examination under such conditions. I had been "up against" just such propositions before this, however, and I made that owner and his little bunch of cow-punchers earn their bread that day.

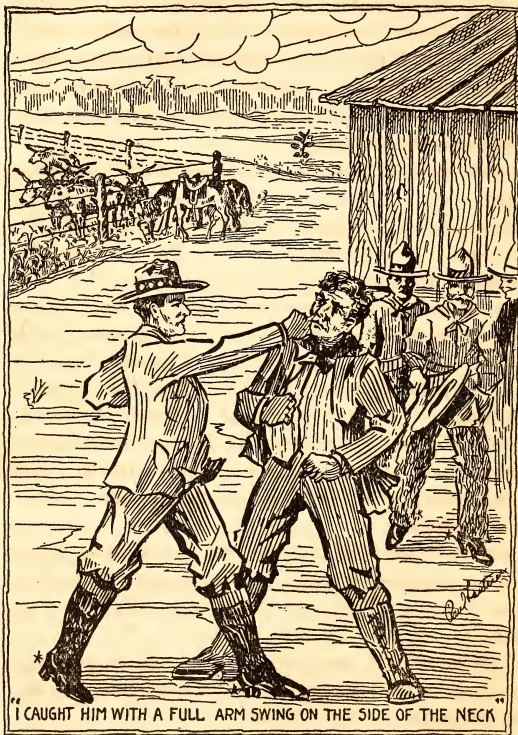
For nearly two hours I had them jumping cows into a chute, where I made a thorough inspection at my ease. I had examined probably a couple of hundred head of the herd in this manner without finding a sign of a tick. The owner and the punchers were getting balky; they began to make remarks about the government's ideas of the cattle industry and about some of the "damphool" inspectors working for the government. This "got my goat." I told them that I was there to find ticks on their cows; that I knew there were ticks on them, and that I would have every cow go through the chute. "And then," I said, "if I haven't found any ticks, we will run them all through the chute once more. You guys are nothing but a bunch of bluffers and I know that too. Now get busy, or I go back to town."

Well, I had them sized up right; not a man peeped, and they rushed the cattle through the chute plenty fast.

When I had examined all but about twenty or thirty head, they chased in a big red cow; and there the performance stopped. I found a couple of nice, big, fat ticks on the inside of one

thigh. Under the magnifying glass they proved to be the *Margaropus annulatus*.

The owner of the herd stood by my side when



I pulled the ticks off the cow, and he wanted me to hand him the ticks. This I would not do until both the state inspectors had seen them

and confirmed my findings; then I let him examine them. When he had done looking them over, he claimed they were not Texas fever ticks. I did not argue with him, but simply told him he could not ship the cattle. Thereupon he rushed at me, fumbling with his right hand in his shirt front. I stepped to one side and, whirling partly round on one foot, I caught him with a full arm swing on the side of the neck. He seemed to become suddenly rigid and toppled over like a post.

I expected the gang of punchers to jump me, but no one interfered. The two state inspectors accompanied me back to town, and on the way they advised me to be on my guard for the fellow from now on; they said he was a "bad actor" and would "get" me. Imagine my surprise when the next day he appeared at the office and begged my pardon for having lost his temper. When I saw him coming, I thought he was coming to shoot it out with me, and I "fixed" myself; that is, I met him at the door with a heavy "44 Colts'" in one hand.

Later I was told that his pardon begging stunt was the result of certain information imparted to him by one of the state inspectors. This particular bit of information related to the Act of Congress which provides for the severe punishment of parties guilty of threatening or attacking an inspector performing his duty.

While such episodes as I have just related were common occurrences in the routine of quarantine work in those days, I remember only one or two instances where the inspectors took

advantage of their official capacity in thus prosecuting an individual. As a rule the occurrence was not reported by the inspector. Usually we came out on top anyhow, and we merely counted it as a little spice to our sauce. Nearly every inspector in the quarantine division in those days could tell you a number of similar experiences.

The fault in every case lay with the cattle men, who looked upon the matter as personal between them and the inspectors. They did not stop to consider that everything the veterinary inspector did was under rigid rules and regulations. A government veterinarian in that branch of the service really had no personality while on duty. He was bound to enforce the government regulations regardless of sentiment or personal bias, and it could make no difference to him what the circumstances, or who the sufferer. For the inspector it is always an "open and shut" proposition.

For a period of five months I was stationed at El Paso, Texas, making inspections of live stock imported into this country from Mexico. My territory extended along the Mexican border for a distance of about three hundred miles on each side of El Paso.

At that time Mexico had no rules or regulations affecting live stock diseases and the U. S. government regulations on Mexican stock covered all communicable diseases. The U. S. inspectors were supposed to "spot" anything and everything on Mexican stock presented for importation into this country; the inspectors could use their judgement to a great extent.

This work was very interesting, but no "snap" by any means. The transportation and hotel accommodations were far from being first-class, and the inspector found many things to worry about.

I remember one instance in which I was detailed to make an inspection of Mexican cattle across the line from Columbus, N. M. I left El Paso at six in the evening on a mixed freight and passenger train, arriving at Columbus about midnight. Columbus at that time consisted of the depot, a section house, and the cow pens. Getting off the train, I asked the depot agent where I could get a night's lodging. He said there was no place "in town" where they put up travelers, but there was a man living about a mile west who "usually took them in." He pointed out a light to me in that direction, saying, "See that light? Well, that's the place."

I did not like the idea of walking a mile through that rattlesnake desert at midnight; I followed him into the depot and asked permission to sleep on the floor. At first he refused my request; but when I told him I was a federal officer, and after he had taken a look at my badge, he said I might stay.

So I made a pillow of my grip and slept away.

About 2 o'clock I awoke, chilled to the bone. Although the month was July, I was experiencing one of those cold nights so common in that high altitude; I don't believe I ever suffered so from cold, before or since, as I did there that July night.

I found it impossible to sleep again and got

up with the intention of building a fire somewhere outside to get warm by, only to find that I had no matches. So I began to walk up and down the track, keeping it up until sunrise, somewhere around four o'clock.

About six o'clock the agent got up and was kind enough to invite me upstairs to breakfast, a breakfast that I enjoyed too, thankfully.

I had just finished the breakfast when a rider appeared with an extra horse to take me out to the herd; twelve miles below Columbus they were, he said. You can imagine how I felt about riding twelve miles on a horse after walking the track the greater part of the night.

And then, when we got to their camp, the boss informed me that the herd had stampeded during the night; the boys had been successful in holding about half of them, around seven hundred head, and it would take a day or two to gather the run-aways again. He thought, though, that I might look at those they held and issue a certificate on the entire shipment if I found these were alright; they were all "clean," he was positive, and he couldn't see why that could not be done.

I told him I could not do this; I would have to see every animal I certified. However, I told him that I would inspect the seven hundred head they had now and give him a certificate on that number if I found them alright.

This he did not want, and I rode back to Columbus.

It took nearly two weeks before the office received another request to inspect the herd, when another inspector was detailed to the work.

CHAPTER VI

BACK TO MILWAUKEE

I remained in El Paso five months and was transferred again to Colorado City to relieve old Dan McCuningham, resigned. This was virtually a promotion for me and considering the fact that I was only a few months in the service, it should have elated me in the highest. I did not look at it in this light, however, and one month later I resigned my position to take up a road position with C. Bischoff & Co., of New York City.

This was at the time of the advent of Prof. Von Behring's Bovo-vaccine for the immunization of cattle against tuberculosis and my duty was the introduction of Bovo-vaccine among veterinarians, health officers and stock raisers. Besides this, I was to appear at various live-stock meetings and address them on the subject. This position paid a good deal more than the government position and was a grand opportunity for me to do something more than most veterinarians have a chance to do. My territory included the states on both sides of the Mississippi from Mexico to Canada and I had visions of great variety.

I held this position just three weeks. It took much patience for me to stay with it even so long. Bovo-vaccine was entirely in the experimental stage at the time and I could not "talk" it strong enough. I could not bring myself to the right pitch of enthusiasm in the stuff and of course nobody wanted to subject his cattle to an experiment. I got as far as Kansas City and then sent

in my resignation, leaving at once for my old home in Milwaukee, after having been away a year and two months.

A few days after my arrival in Milwaukee, I received a letter from C. Bischoff & Co., in which they expressed their regret at my resignation and urging me to come to New York at their expense for the purpose of instructing me in the art of introducing Bovo-vaccine.

This offer I also turned down. To this day I have regretted this. One of the qualifications which gave me the position with these people was my knowledge of German. It was desired that I make first-hand translations from literature obtained from Behringwerk in Germany and other matters. This knowledge of German had other value with this position which might have come later and I have always been sorry for my action in declining the offer.

Now I found myself back in Milwaukee under my father's roof. I had been gone a little over a year and had given the finest exhibition of bone-headism during this time which was ever witnessed. I was only twenty-two years old and although Opportunity had already knocked twice at my door I had set the dog on her each time.

Had I remained in the government service at Colorado City I might now be a superior officer in that organization. Setting this aside, had I remained with C. Bischoff & Co., I might now be hobnobbing with Prof. von Behring himself. But as things were, I was out of a job, had not even a bread and butter practice, and I was "broke" besides.

CHAPTER VII

I LEAVE FOR TEXAS AGAIN

When I made up my mind to return to my home in Milwaukee it was with no intention of doing anything in particular. I was floundering, mentally, like a fish in a net. I was full of energy and ambition, but I could not become anchored.

While I was in the government service I saw many chances for making my fortune, by the investment of a few hundred dollars, but I could never assemble the few hundred dollars. One of the opportunities which I saw at that time has recently come to the fore and when I read the notice of it in the papers a few months ago, I almost got the wander-lust again. The notice in the paper referred to the fact that the waters in the springs at Fort Stockton, Texas, are heavily charged with radium; and of course, you know what that means for Fort Stockton.

Fort Stockton was one of the towns to which I made a number of trips while in the service and I could see a great future for it as a health resort. While I knew nothing about the radium in the water, everything else was ideal for the purpose, and I endeavored on several occasions to interest certain parties in the project, but never successfully.

At other places in west Texas I saw towns spring up from a few tents to a thousand inhabitants in a few months' time. Many of these towns are now hustling, solid places and the best

for them is yet to come. All these things and many more were constantly almost within my grasp. In many instances a few hundred dollars properly placed would have made a snug fortune for me.

These, and many other thoughts, began to circulate around in my think machine when I landed in Milwaukee. Everything seemed small and narrow now at home. In Texas everything was done on a large scale and I saw more money floating around in a few months in Texas than I ever saw in a year in Milwaukee.

Probably the reason for this was, nearly everybody else there did as I did—spent what they got as fast as they could lay hands on it. Nevertheless, the money works there; they don't let it rest much. They keep it busy passing from pocket to pocket and I didn't stop to analyze the situation.

The first time I went to Texas the penny was seen there only in the postoffices. Merchants had no use for it. Prices were all even money, nickels or dimes. When I got back to Milwaukee, a real town full of German, penny-saving people, I became more than ever impressed with the bigness of Texas, and all things Texan. I looked around for a few weeks and once more got on board the cars for Houston, having once again borrowed money for a start. This time I had outlined a plan of progress and I made up my mind to gather in some of that floating money and hang on to it.

How successful I was in this resolve will be seen in the following pages.

CHAPTER VIII

IN PRACTICE AT HOUSTON

On leaving Milwaukee this time my plans were to return to Houston and remain there until such a time as I would have an opportunity to find an opening for a good practice. Houston, itself, was a fairly good location at that time. It was a city of about sixty thousand with a grand country surrounding it, and there were only three veterinarians there, meaning, of course, graduates. Of empirics there were a number, but these never caused me much concern. Any graduate of ability need have no fear of the best non-graduate that ever put a blister on an abscess. Where the empiric usually has the advantage over the young graduate is in the art of handling people. Most of them are past masters at this and the young practitioner as a rule does not give this part of the business much attention. He relies too much on his actual professional ability. As far as "delivering the goods" is concerned, I say again, no non-graduate, be he ever so good, can stand with a graduate of average worth. I have "bucked" as many different empirics, some of the best of them included, as any graduate in the country and I never yet found it difficult to make them lay down. But more of the details later.

I proceeded to Houston once more, arriving there this time in the early part of February.

My friend, the State Veterinarian, still held office, and for the first few weeks I spent the greater part of my time with him, earning a few dollars now and then, helping out in odd cases and making a long distance call now and then. At that time it was nothing unusual to receive a call from points fifty to a hundred miles away. Graduate veterinarians were few and far between in Texas in those days and one who established a practice and gained any kind of good reputation could always get more of these long distance calls than he could handle. For these trips it was customary to make a charge of twenty-five dollars per day with expenses.

When a few weeks had gone by in this manner I opened up an office in the down town section on Franklin Street and hung out my own sign. The State Veterinarian gave me all the assistance he could in the beginning and I began to do quite a bit of work. In this regard he, the State Veterinarian, stands in a class of veterinary practitioners which is not very large. He did everything in his power to make it easy for me to work up a practice, and that in his own territory, within a few blocks of his own office. With very few exceptions the other graduate veterinarians with whom I have come in contact always attempted in every possible manner to discourage new beginners. In one instance physical violence was threatened if I should have the courage to compete with a certain practitioner. This was not quite as bad as an instance, which I shall relate later, in which two quacks brought com-

petition in their town down to an affair of sawed-off shotguns; but, considering that both parties were presumed to be professional gentlemen, it was bad enough.

One of the ways in which the State Veterinarian helped me was in turning over to me some of the long distance calls which he could not find the time to attend. Such calls as these, fifty to a hundred miles from the office, are the kind that demonstrate the real worth of the veterinarian. In such instances he must do to the best of his ability in a few hours' time, what he would do at home in the course of a few days or a week. He must put things in a "nut shell" and his treatment must hit the spot. Also, he must be able to see ahead and prepare the owner for the handling of possible complications or unexpected developments. The man who can make good on these long distance cases will be a winner anywhere and it is good training for young fellows.

In a few years I did so much of this long distance work that it left its mark on me. By this I mean that I got the habit of handling my practice at home in the same manner. To this day I find myself making this mistake in my practice every little while; a mistake from a financial standpoint. I have treated many cases of pneumonia and other long drawn-out cases, at home, making not more than two calls and frequently only one and while I usually get a proportionate fee, just the same, the client thinks you are earning your money if you call oftener, and it is probably better to call oftener in a home practice. Many little

things can be done for the patient under the veterinarian's suggestion which will hasten the recovery and oftentimes he can prevent complications by seeing his patient frequently.

Very soon after I started in practice on Franklin Street I was given a contract for the veterinary attendance on two hundred head of mules, which were being used in grading the right of way for a new railroad, east of Houston, running through the lowlands, sometimes at sea level. The main camp of this outfit was near Liberty, Texas, about sixty miles from Houston, and according to my contract I was to make two trips to this camp each week. For this I was to get fifty dollars per month for my services, medicine and other essentials to be paid extra. When I had held the contract for about two weeks a mule died suddenly and I was summoned posthaste. History and appearance, without autopsy, pointed quite plainly to anthrax, and as we were in a country where anthrax was common, I procured enough vaccine for the entire bunch and vaccinated every one of them. Not another mule died. It may not have been anthrax, although I was quite familiar with anthrax then, having seen much of it while with the State Veterinarian. At any rate I took no chances and the owner of the mules was well satisfied. He had had experience with this disease and he gladly footed the bill for the vaccine. My contract had been running about six weeks when the entire outfit changed hands and another veterinarian got my job.

Now, at the time of which I write, automobiles

were not yet very plentiful and the livery business was still flourishing, with horses for motive power. There was one large stable in Houston, known as the Wilson Transfer Company, which at that time used several hundred horses. Through the influence of a mutual friend I was given a chance at the veterinary attendance in this stable and would undoubtedly have been successful in landing the contract for the entire outfit if I had remained there. Another live concern whose veterinary services I performed during this time was the Smithy Cab Line. This concern had about thirty horses and used them on a string of one-horse cabs, hauling passengers fourteen blocks for twenty-five cents. This was the only concern of the kind I ever knew and it was a money maker.

I was now doing a very nice little bit of practice and was just getting a good grasp of the entire opening when I received a letter from a friend, a Doctor Thatcher, in El Paso. I had met the doctor while I was stationed at El Paso in the government service and before I left there we had become very close friends. Doctor Thatcher was a graduate of one of the old country schools in Scotland or England and had been in practice at El Paso for about fifteen years when I first met him. He was a good veterinarian, had seen much of the world and was a man whose friendship was worth something.

In his letter he stated that he had been appointed bacteriologist for the city of El Paso and wanted a man to take charge of his practice.

If I wanted to come he would pay me a hundred dollars per month salary and in addition, to make it a little more interesting, five per cent on all work done. If I accepted he would wire me transportation and I might consider myself engaged if the proposition suited me.

Well, it did not take me very long to decide. I believe within an hour after I received the letter, I had sent him a telegram, accepting the offer and asking him to forward the transportation. The latter was of some moment; from Houston to El Paso is eight hundred and twenty-five miles. At three cents a mile this made twenty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, and I could well make use of so much money in those days.

Within a couple of days I had collected a few bills that I had outstanding, sold my few pieces of office furniture and said good-bye to Houston and my friends there for the last time. This was on the Fourth of July, 1906, and I have not been there since.

CHAPTER IX

EL PASO

With my removal to El Paso began an era of prosperity for me which lasted for two or three years.

I had "made good" in Houston during the short time I was in business for myself there. That is, I had laid the foundation for a good practice there, but I had not made any money. I just about made ends meet and that was all. I had demonstrated to my own satisfaction, however, that I had the stuff in me to work up and hold a good practice if I could only overcome my wanderlust.

As I sat in the train speeding towards El Paso I took an inventory of my various maneuvers up to that period and I somewhat reluctantly put Houston, along with the rest of my flings at "Miss Opportunity," into the scrap heap of my career.

With all my roaming about and my numerous flings at chance I had one thing of which I was justly proud. This was the fact that, although I had led a sort of adventurous, free-lance existence up to this time, I had not wandered from the path of gentlemanly conduct. Although I had come in contact with many breeds and types of men I remained true to my father's teachings. Although I was a great part of the time surrounded by gamblers and in contact with gam-

bling, I never gambled. In like manner, with every opportunity and every inducement to become a drinking man, I was always temperate. I drank a glass of beer when I thought it would do me good, and at times I drank whiskey; but not at any time enough to get under its influence. The only reason I did not have a bank account and a good practice was because I let wanderlust get the best of me.

I had a good name, professionally, and outside of the fact that I was beginning to get the reputation of being a rover, I had nothing to be ashamed of. With a thorough realization of my *status quo* and a firm resolve to become anchored, I arrived in El Paso.

My friend, Doctor Thacher, was happy to see me and I was very happy to see that he had equipped a neat veterinary infirmary during my absence, operating tables, sterilizers, electric dental machines and other modern appliances not omitted. At this point I may remark that many of our eastern colleagues would be surprised if they could see the numbers of modern, fully equipped veterinary hospitals throughout the west. Even in many of the small towns one will find such institutions frequently.

My work was cut out for me and began the moment I arrived. The practice was a mixed practice, horses, mules, cattle and dogs. The latter constituted nearly fifty per cent of our patients.

Like many other people in the north I had the impression that mules were practically immune to

most diseases and conditions which affect the horse. This error was soon corrected. I do not know of a single condition for which I was ever employed to treat horses which I have not also found in mules; excepting, of course, conditions confined to and resulting from pregnancy in the female. Mules with their mammary glands congested and containing lacteal secretion I saw frequently. Cases of pregnancy have been reported in mules; I never saw one.

While I knew our practice here was very large and realized that I was working quite hard, I did not realize the real worth of the business until I figured up the day-book at the end of the first month. To my great astonishment I found that we had done nearly eight hundred dollars in total that month.

Right here I want to bring out a point or two: The fees obtained at that time were not much short of exorbitant and, thinking back, I sometimes wonder how we could get them. Ordinary dentistry, floating, was regularly three dollars. If we had to cut off a long enamel point with the cutters, we charged a dollar extra. "Wolf teeth" were half a dollar each, extra. It was nothing unusual to have a total charge of five dollars for "fixing" a mouth. Night calls had a fixed fee of five dollars, even if only a few blocks from the office. In a case of flatulent colic, tapping was counted as an operation and five dollars was added to the service for this performance.

A big revenue was derived at that time from

the inspection of horses which were shipped through El Paso en route to California and Arizona. These states required veterinary health certificates for all horses and mules entering there. The charge we made for such inspections was ten dollars per car load. For just three or four head we charged five dollars. It was a rough inspection, all that was required, and usually could be done in a few minutes' time.

For the removal of retained secundines in cows the charge was ten dollars. Roaring operations were fifty dollars. Country calls were one dollar per mile. With such fees it was a real pleasure to work, and I wish I could get them today.

However, I found that the actual net profit in a practice here running seven or eight hundred dollars a month, would not be much more than in a practice in the old states running three or four hundred dollars. Rent and living were very high. Drugs cost us big money. Help, feed, bedding, everything was high. We had to get big fees to make it go.

We used much printers' ink to get the business there in those days. I remember a time when we carried a full page advertisement in one of the daily papers. This advertisement contained cuts of views of our hospital and appeared every Saturday.

The only competition we had here was during the winter months when the "lungers" came to El Paso. El Paso has quite a reputation as a resort for consumptives, the high altitude and dry air making it ideal. Usually there was a veteri-

narian or two among these health-seekers, who would do a little light practice. Our only objection to that was the fact that they were mostly from states where veterinarians worked cheap and they interfered with our regular rate of charges, working too cheap.

We frequently were called to Jaurez, on the Mexican side of the river, where there was a Mexican practitioner. He did very little work, however, and did not give us any trouble. Things were running along smoothly for me and I soon had things well in hand.

Doctor Thatcher had been giving me practice but little attention, being kept busy at his post as city bacteriologist. When this did not occupy his time he worked at a process for making alcohol from a cactus plant which grows thickly in that region. By fall of the same year he had perfected a process which was satisfactory and he proceeded to organize a company for the purpose of erecting a distillery.

This he carried out successfully and as his time was now entirely taken up he wanted to dispose of the veterinary practice and he gave me the first chance to buy it. This was in November. I had now been with him about five months and although I had been earning a good salary, I had not saved a cent, having used the money as fast as I got it to pay some of my debts.

So, here I was with an opportunity to become the owner of a practice which I knew fully and which I had handled successfully, but without a cent of money to pay for it with.

After some casting about I was lucky enough to find an "angel," as theatrical folks say. He was a mining man who frequently spent a few hours at our infirmary as a spectator at operations.

He found the work interesting and when I informed him one day that the place was for sale he wanted to know why I did not buy it. I told him I had no money and why I had none. He knew me as a sober, hustling young fellow and he also knew the practice was a paying proposition. After some talk he promised to put his money against my work, on the basis of an equal interest for each of us.

This looked good enough to me, at that time, and I agreed. We bought the business next day for two thousand dollars, my partner paying \$500 cash, the balance to be paid off at the rate of one hundred dollars per month.

Now I had a half interest in the business, with "strings" to it. Today I can see that I did not make a good bargain, but at the time I felt pretty good over it.

In the first place, our expense of running this place was just about three hundred dollars per month. We had to make ten dollars every day for the expenses before we had anything for ourselves. The way the practice had been running this was all right, but I neglected to figure the influence which the Doctor's political position had given the practice. As soon as we bought him out, much of this business fell away, not from lack of help on his part, either.

In the second place, we bought no accounts collectible. Literally, we were starting from the ground up. It takes some time to get enough money on the books to insure a steady inflow of cash.

Luckily, we had dated the first hundred dollar note three months ahead. This gave us a chance to get our breath, anyhow.

The only good stroke I did in this deal was shortly before this first note came due. I went to the Doctor and asked him how much he would take for the fifteen notes in a lump sum. He agreed to take twelve hundred and fifty dollars. I saw my partner and got him to borrow the money, giving in return for it twenty-five fifty dollar notes signed by us conjointly and due one each month. By doing this I made two hundred and fifty dollars for us and at the same time I cut the payments in half. We could not have paid the hundred dollar notes. Fifty dollars per month was bad enough.

I failed to see at that time that I was really working out three-fourths of the price we were to pay. My partner paid in five hundred dollars. I had to do the work to pay off fifteen hundred.

At no time after we bought the place did the practice run over four hundred and fifty dollars a month. One month it was only three hundred. My partner was not getting much interest on his five hundred dollars and he soon became disgusted. He even suspected me of juggling the accounts.

I might have remained and fought the thing

out but my efforts were cut short early the following spring. In treating a case of puerperal infection in a cow I became virulently infected and was put out of the running. After several months' treatment my physician advised a course of water treatment at Hot Springs. I collected what bills I could, paid what we owed and sold my half interest for two hundred and fifty dollars, leaving for Hot Springs, Arkansas, the same day.

I had not made any money on this venture but I did not lose any, either. I at least paid off a few of my debts with my earnings of the first few months. When I left El Paso this time I had about a hundred and seventy-five dollars in my pocket. I bought a ticket to Hot Springs, via Fort Worth and Dallas.

I arrived in Dallas in the evening of the next day and could have made immediate connections and gone right through to Hot Springs. I wanted to see the country, however, and so decided to stay in Dallas over night and take an early morning train. I left Dallas the next morning at half past seven on the "St. Louis Cannon Ball," a fast train.

About ninety miles east of Dallas, just after we had passed through a small station called Edgewood, the rails spread as we rounded a curve heading into a bridge and we had a real wreck. I came out with a few scratches and torn clothes, for which I collected seventy-five dollars from the railroad company when I reached Hot Springs. I made myself useful at the scene of the wreck

by giving first aid to the injured. I was the nearest approach to a physician on the train and I used up a small supply of emergency hypodermics which I carried in my grip.

When I had been at Hot Springs about three weeks and had just about spent my few dollars for doctor bills and board, I decided to leave and take a chance on my recovery. The treatments there did not do much for me; they may be all right for specific blood poison but my case was different. My infection was undoubtedly due to streptococci or staphylococci.

From Hot Springs I went to Little Rock, in the same state, and I found it one of the most ambitious towns I ever saw. There I met a fine veterinarian in the person of a Doctor Merchant with whom I became very well acquainted a year or two later. I tried to get a position as assistant there but could not, and as I saw no other opening, I left in a day or two for Fort Smith, also in Arkansas.

Here I met what, to my mind, was one of the best all-round practitioners I ever encountered. Doctor May was then a young man, but he had the delivery of a veteran. And in later years he has made good there.

My money was now all gone and I borrowed twenty-five dollars from the Doctor. With this I set out for Oklahoma City, where I looked around for a day and then took train for El Reno, Oklahoma. I had a trunk full of books and instruments with me, and as I only had a few dollars

left when I got to El Reno, I had to open my trunk and look for something to do.

I got permission to "hang out" at a stable called the "Red Barn" and began to look around for veterinary work. There was only one veterinarian there and it looked as though I could do a little, anyhow. But in two weeks I got only one case, and that case I remember well.

Next to the stable where I "hung out" was another stable called the "Blue Barn." In this "Blue Barn" a quack "hung out." (Hang out and hung out are the only appropriate terms for veterinary offices in livery stables.) This quack was a good old soul, and he later loaned me some money to get out of town. At any rate, he had a case which he wanted me to handle for him, and that is the one case I got in the two weeks I was there. It was a case of necrosis of the tail in a fine mare, said to have resulted from keeping the tail tied up with a tight leather shoe-lace for two or three days during a rainy spell. I amputated the tail with a pocket-knife, charged him five dollars, and the result was good.

I left El Reno, leaving my trunk with a few books and a dental halter as security for the loan. I have never redeemed them.

CHAPTER X

MEXICAN PRACTICE

During the time that I was engaged in practice in El Paso probably twenty-five per cent of my work was among the Mexican inhabitants of El Paso and the Mexican town of Juarez across the river from El Paso.

While most of the live-stock owned by them was an inferior grade of stuff they were not backward about employing a doctor for them.

I found the Mexicans very desirable clients. They have great faith in medicine and will faithfully follow the doctor's instructions if they have confidence in him.

They pay especial attention to details smacking of "hocus-pocus" methods; such items, for instance, as giving a certain medicine *seven* times a day, or just at a certain hour. Once a doctor gets into their favor his success among the lot of them is assured; they are lavish and free in their praise of him.

Only in one regard must they be kept in line, and that is along money matters. Once they understand that you expect your pay promptly they will not ask for credit. My rule, except in the case of the more well-to-do families, was to work for cash only. I never hesitated to inform them in advance what the fee would be. In the three or four years that I practiced among them I lost only a few dollars in bad accounts.

One had to admire their grit and optimism in the face of grave cases of sickness or accident among their animals. The most lowly and poor among them would not be deterred from submitting the case to the doctor even if the fee incurred was much beyond their means. If the doctor could give them reasonable assurance that the result would be good they would invariably say, "go to it."

Among the upper class of Mexicans it was the custom of all American practitioners to charge excessively high fees; it was not only a custom, but a necessity in a way. In fact, should you do your work for an ordinary fee the chances are they would not employ you again, no matter how successful you were. It seems that they rated the practitioner's worth according to his fee—within sane bounds, of course.

Say you are called to treat a horse belonging to an upper class Mexican—a case of acute indigestion, for instance, requiring your constant attendance for four or five hours of the night. If you are not a tender-foot, and if you ever expect to stand "ace-high" with that "grandee" you will send your bill the next morning for one hundred dollars.

I made a trip to Torreon, Mexico, which is 518 miles below the border, one winter. I had been given some inducement by a drug house there to locate there for practice. There was no veterinarian there and, in all, it was a good proposition. I was doing fairly well in El Paso, however, and after I had gone down and looked the

field over I decided in favor of El Paso and the good old U. S. A.

Anyhow, while I was down there looking the field over I was introduced to a Mexican who was conducting a large dairy in a neighboring town called Gomez Palacio. When he was informed that I was a veterinarian he would not leave me until I had promised to come to his town to examine one of his cows. He was a fine, gentlemanly fellow; Jose Sanchez Alvarez was his name, and you have since seen his name in news items about the Mexican revolution.

His town was connected to Torreon by an electric street car line and I went over early the next morning.

His dairy was a fine establishment, milking around 75 cows, and every cow in the place was a Holstein. He told me that all his cows were bought in the States and that he frequently paid \$300 to \$450 gold for a cow. I knew this before he told me, because I had inspected one shipment that came through El Paso and the owner of the shipment informed me that every cow in the lot would bring between \$300 and \$500 in gold. This means from \$600 to \$1,000 Mexican money, which will give you a fair idea of how they spend their money down there. These cows were no purebreds, just good cows.

When I had been shown all over the establishment he brought out the cow that I was to examine. There was some impediment to respiration—a solid enlargement the size of a goose egg in the upper tracheal region. Apparently it was a

fibrous growth, producing the dyspnea by direct pressure. As I remember it now, I recommended its enucleation. But I did not want the job, because the day before I had met a friend in Torreon who "stood in" with the railroad men; he was leaving for El Paso on this day and he thought he could work it so that I would get free passage home if I went with him.

So, when Senor Alvarez wanted to know what my fee would be for the operation I thought I would name a figure so exorbitant that he would back down. I told him the operation itself would cost him \$100, and the after treatment would cost him probably another hundred. Without hesitating two seconds he bade me proceed to work at once. Here I was "in a pickle"; sure, \$200 was no small sum; but I would have to hang around a week or ten days to earn it all. I wanted to go home that night with my friend; I had decided not to locate in Torreon anyhow, and I wanted to get back on the job in El Paso. That was always my style:—now or never, whole loaf or none. I was like a mule in that respect; you might have offered me the governorship of the state of Coahuila, if I had to stay there longer than the hour for that night train I would have refused the job and all the graft that went with it.

But here I stood; Alvarez had taken me up on my own figures. And, by George, he was so nice and gentlemanly about it! But I had made up my mind to hike for home that night, and there was some mule in me, you know. I fixed it up like this:

"All right, sir; but, in order to be able to make the dissection without endangering the life of the cow by death from hemorrhage, we must use chloroform anesthesia. The danger of accidentally wounding either the carotid artery or the jugular vein is exceedingly great in the region in which the tumor lies; to reduce this danger to a minimum we will resort to the chloroform anesthesia with the object of making sudden jerky head movements impossible.

"But, to obtain the best and most smooth results with chloroform we must enforce a fast of twenty-four hours on the patient. I will be here tomorrow at this time to operate."

This looked O. K. to his highness, and we parted.

If that cow gets nothing to eat until I arrive to perform that operation she is pretty hollow by this time. And really, it was a pretty low-down trick on my part! But then, I wanted to get back to the States, and there was some mule in me, you know.

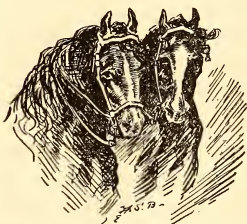
I left that night with my friend. And the joke of it was that his "pull" was no good on the train; we had to pay our fare just the same as the rest of the passengers. But I didn't care; I was heading for the good old U. S. A., and that was good enough for me.

What I wanted to illustrate by this incident is that you can't scare the "high-ups" in Mexico with a \$100 fee on a cow case.

In the interior of Mexico I saw a type of horse quite frequently which I have never seen any-

where else. These horses somewhat resemble the English thoroughbred, but they are smaller and have even finer bone. They are game to the core, and no better saddle horses could be desired. They are said to be the offspring of some of the old Spanish breeds which were brought to Mexico centuries ago.

The average Mexican horse is a small, scrawny, nondescript sort of nag, always in poor flesh and usually full of spavines, ringbones and other blemishes.



They are said to be the offspring of some of the old Spanish breeds

The common man's horse in Mexico is not a horse at all but the burro. They sell for from five dollars to thirty or forty dollars, depending on their size and work-ability. The ordinary burro of about the size of the

average Shetland pony will carry a pack weighing around 250 pounds all day. They are used mostly for packing; only occasionally are they worked in harness.

The burro seems to be immune to all diseases; it is a rare thing to see a lame one, even. They reach a great age and are part and parcel of Mexico; I can not imagine Mexico without the burro.

Another class of patronage that I enjoyed in El Paso was that of the Chinese. El Paso harbors a Chinese quarter numbering around 500

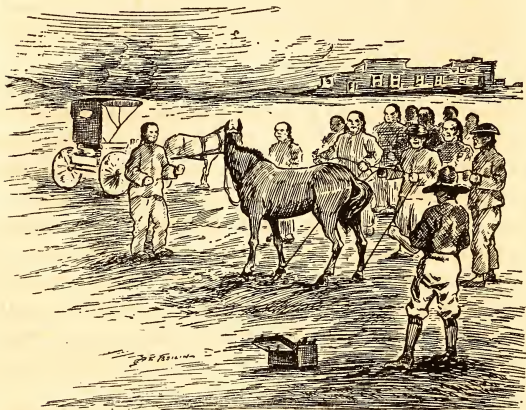
souls, and the Rio Grande valley below El Paso is populated by them in considerable numbers. In the city they conduct mostly stores, restaurants, laundries, etc. In the valley they pursue truck gardening, raising most of the vegetables used in the city. Quite a number of them own a few horses; they are about the poorest horsemen imaginable and employ veterinarians regularly. Their faith in medicine and in the art of healing is even greater than that of the Mexicans; they obey the doctor's instructions implicitly and are most appreciative of good service and attention. On top of this they are absolutely honest, paying their bills promptly and generously; white folks can well afford to take lessons from John Chinaman in this respect. The only bad part about him is the fact that he is a prosperity killer; he takes in more than he gives out. In fact, aside from emergency expenses, he spends so little money for his own subsistence, clothing, etc., that white folks cannot compete with him in any line of business he undertakes.

Only in one regard must I modify this statement, and that is in regard to his gaming proclivities. Most Chinamen of my acquaintance were confirmed gamblers. However, as they gamble chiefly among themselves, no one outside of their clan profits by it.

I have seen one, now and then, take a whirl at roulette during the big fiesta in Juarez, but unless they make a lucky play to begin with they don't stick long. And, come to think of it, the one and only time that I can remember of a

Chinaman trying a dishonest trick was at a roulette table. He had placed a chip on a corner and tried to shove it on the whole number when the wheel stopped; the caller caught him at it.

I remember a most amusing incident that happened in connection with my practice among the Chinese in the Rio Grande Valley.



With all of them pulling on the rope we "flopped him over," and up he jumped

A rich Chinese gardener there sent for me for the purpose of having me treat a horse at his farm, eight miles down the valley. When I arrived at the place I found a pretty good looking horse lying flat on his side and ten or twelve Chinese lads standing in a circle around him. The horse had been down flat since early morning at least; when one of the Chinks went to give him

his breakfast he found him down and they had been unable to make him get up. They told me he had not seemed sick in the evening before and, while they only owned him a few days, he had never given any trouble. One Chinese boy told me, however, that he was quite lame on one hind leg, but he could not say which one. I looked him over a little closer then and I saw he had a big spavin on the under leg. As the fellow says, "I saw a light then."

Knowing the Chinese awe for "hocus-pocus stuff" I thought I would have a little fun out of this job. (Mind you, my charge for this eight mile trip was eight dollars; you may be sure they tried hard to get him up before calling me.)

Taking my side-line I first laid it over him in such a manner that it formed a circle over his side, mumbling at the same time a few words like "foramen lacerum basis cranii," and allowing the rope to remain in the coiled position for a minute, by the watch. Taking it off now I fastened one end to a hind and a front leg and told the Chinese boys "Now, alright," and with all of them pulling on the rope we "flopped him over;" and up he jumped!

The clash of Chinese tongues that followed immediately was something great. The boss Chinaman wanted me to tell him those words I had to say to make it work and to show him just how to coil the rope.

CHAPTER XI

A TOWN A DAY IN OKLAHOMA

As I have related previously, when a physician advised me to go to Hot Springs, Ark., in the spring of 1907, I sold my interest in the El Paso Veterinary Hospital and went. The treatments at Hot Springs did not benefit me a great deal, and it is my opinion that the baths are not indicated in such infections as the one I was suffering from; they are too debilitating. With an infection of the pus producing organisms, such as I had, this debilitating effect of the baths is really detrimental; at least, it was in my case.

However, I continued to take the baths as prescribed by the physician until I was sure that my condition was not improving; and at about the same time my money sack was getting rather flat. I concluded then that I was losing at both ends and decided to move on.

This decision, to move on, was easily arrived at; but where to move on to was not so easy to decide.

I had sold my practice and had spent the few dollars I got for it. I was now over a thousand miles from home, among strangers, and with not enough money left to pay for painting a good "shingle," not to mention equipping an office.

So there was nothing left for me to do but to "hit the road." As I have previously related; from Hot Springs I went to Little Rock,

where I tried to get on as assistant to some veterinarian, but was not successful. However, old Dr. Merchant advised me to go to Fort Smith, where he was quite sure I would find an opening with Dr. May.

Arrived at Fort Smith I immediately applied to that gentleman for a position. While he had no opening for me just then he was good enough to give me permission to do a little work for him, enough to enable me to get a few dollars ahead. I did not care to do this, upon which the doctor made me a loan of \$25.00, saying I could pay him back when I could do so conveniently.

He sure was a regular good fellow.

With this money I left for Oklahoma City, thinking that I might find something to do there, but the town already had more veterinarians than it required and none of them cared to hire me. The town was too large to "work," and so I decided to go to El Reno.

My experiences in El Reno I have told in a previous article. Up until this time I had trod a tolerable straight and narrow path professionally considering the time and the customs in the Southwest, but now financial pressure due to my illness and the resulting expensive treatment at Hot Springs deflected me in not a few instances from the paths of professional conduct that I would have chosen under easier circumstances.

Leaving El Reno I travel south over the Rock Island road, stopping off at every town along the route and with one or two exceptions from twelve

to twenty-four hours was the length of my stay in any place.

When I could get absolutely no veterinary work to do in a town I would sell the local blacksmith or horse-shoer some of my "corn killer." This corn killer stunt I learned from a veterinarian in Arkansas and it was a winner with the blacksmiths. It consists of a few crystals of iodine and a small vial of turpentine. When the corn in the horse's foot has been thoroughly pared out a few of the iodine crystals are placed in the cavity and a few drops of the turpentine poured on it. A miniature explosion occurs and the entire area in the foot turns a dark brown color at once. It really has value as a dessicant and antiseptic, as the resulting chemical change forces the iodine into every crevice of the horn.

The miniature explosion which occurs, bordering on the spectacular, makes it a good seller to horse-shoers. I would sell them enough for about three applications and then write down the ingredients for them, charging whatever I thought the fellow would stand for; if he looked like an "easy mark" I might charge him a five spot, making him promise on his honor never to divulge the secret. Maybe in the next town, if I could do no better, I would sell the same "secret" for one dollar.

So if there are some practitioners in Oklahoma now who are wondering where their blacksmiths got this dope they may know that the *Itinerant Horse Physician* "put them wise to it."

In many of these Oklahoma towns where no veterinarians had located as yet I was asked to

treat cases of exceptional interest, most of them being chronic conditions requiring surgical interference.

One of the commonest abnormalities which I was given an opportunity to treat was extreme volar flexion of the fetlock joint in anterior limbs. Why this condition came to my attention so frequently I can not explain; however, in the thirty-odd towns I stopped in on this route I was shown at least fifteen or twenty such cases.

Some I endeavored to correct by performing tenotomy; others were advised variously for treatment or noninterference. What the result was in any case I am, of course, unable to say as I did not remain long enough in any particular vicinity to witness the outcome.

Another condition which I met with exceptional frequency was fistula of the withers, and some of the "rottenest" cases of this condition in my whole experience as a veterinarian I saw in that country. The regular treatment for this condition among the quacks and horse-jockeys there seemed to be a certain manner of filling the horse's ears with ground glass.

When I was making this trip there seemed to be a mania among the people down there for cutting the membrana nictitans out of their horses' eyes. I would feel safe to wager a good sum of money that there are more horses in Oklahoma and parts of Texas minus this part of their anatomy than there are in any other part of the world.

The condition for which they perform this operation is called "hooks"; just what "hooks" originally signified I have not been able to learn.

At the time I was sojourning there "hooks" was almost anything which defied the diagnostic skill of the quack or the jockey. If a horse or a mule was ailing for a time and the usual dosage with Harlem oil or "punkin seed tea" did not fix him up he was charged with having the "hooks," and condemned to have his nictitating membrane cut out or extracted.

Speaking of "punkin seed tea" reminds me that in those parts this seemed to be the popular colic remedy. When "punkin seed tea" failed there was only one other hope for the patient. This last *hope* was a dose of fresh chicken guts. A chicken was hastily caught and killed and the horse drenched with the "guts" while they were yet warm.

To northern and eastern practitioners this sounds like a regular "made-up" story, I know. But Oklahoma and Texas practitioners will verify the truth of my statements.

In one of these towns I was requested to treat two cases of open navicular or coffin joints. The patients had picked up street nails and the local quack had enlarged the openings, for drainage, with a brace and bit. In both cases he bored a half-inch hole directly into the joint.

In another chapter I submit evidence to prove that half the quacks in practice should be hanged and the other half put in jail. Do you wonder that I believe it?

In one town a farmer took me out to his place to show me a sick mare. He said his "veterinary," who was a quack, had been treating the mare for about a week without doing much good.

He said he was mighty glad I just "happened" in because he had heard that some of these college "veterinaries" was smart fellers in some things. "Old Doc," as he called the quack, was pretty good, he thought, seeing as how he just picked "horse-docterin" up all by himself; but, somehow, in this case he didn't think "old Doc" was hardly smart enough. I asked him what sort of diagnosis "old Doc" had made of the case.



"HE WAS ONE OF THOSE 'LONG HORNS'
WITH FIRE IN HIS EYE, AND I BET
"OLD DOC" GOT SOME INFORMATION
HE DIDN'T WANT."

"Well," said my new-found friend, "he says the colt is foundered in the mare." I asked the farmer whether "old Doc" used an x-ray outfit to arrive at his diagnosis; he said not so far as he knew.

When we got to the place I found a pretty good sort of a mare, heavy in foal, with a rupture of the prepubian tendon; her abdomen

was on a level with her hocks.

I advised the farmer in regard to giving proper assistance at time of foaling and described the exact condition he would find in the event that the mare should not survive the ordeal of parturition. I did the latter so that he might be able to "show up" the quack, which I am sure he did, if the mare died. He was one of those "long-

horns," with fire in his eye, and I bet "old Doc" got some information he didn't want.

In the same town, while I was at the depot waiting for the train, another farmer told me about a cow this same "old Doc" treated for him. The cow died, after "old Doc" had "worked on her" all day, from "Blue Fever" he said. The farmer described the case to me in detail, and if ever a description was given of a typical case of parturient paresis he gave it.

In one town I visited in Oklahoma near the Texas line I met an old quack who wanted to buy my diploma. He said that he had all the knowledge he or any horse doctor would ever require; all he wanted now was a diploma. I asked him how much he would be willing to pay for one. "Oh," he says, "I wouldn't mind spending five dollars on a thing like that."

I told him he could probably buy two or three good ones for five dollars from some colleges I knew and I gave him the names of a college for tonsorial artists and a college of elocution. I don't know how it ended.

An item of interest on this trip was the variety of peculiar "hangouts" some of the practitioners had.

In one town on inquiring the whereabouts of the local veterinarian I was referred to a second-hand store. There I found the honorable "Doc" dealing in second-hand furniture and stoves between calls. He had no sign displayed which would attract attention to his "curing" ability, other than a collection of extracted horse teeth and bottles full of "bots" and other specimens.

These were carefully arranged in one front window along with a large rectal syringe and a mouth speculum.

In another town the local horse physician had his "office" in a barber shop.

In still another a small cigar factory harbored the "bot specialist."

But the fellow whom I located in a small brewery had the best headquarters of all; and from the beautiful mixture of scarlet and Yale blue mingling in the epidermis of his nose I judged that he wasn't letting any chance go by to test the brew between calls.

One other odd headquarters for a "Doc" which I remember seeing there was in a photographer's place.

When I asked this quack why he had selected a photograph gallery for his "hangout" he said, "I done it to help elevate the perfession. It gives a man more prestige."

I recommended a padded cell for him.

One other interesting feature in connection with this part of my wanderings appertained to the peculiar "side-lines" which some of these practitioners had.

One of them sold sewing machines "on the side."

Another was a loan-shark on a small scale. He made a practice of loaning small sums to niggers, charging in the neighborhood of ten per cent a week interest. When a nigger came to borrow ten dollars from him he gave him only nine, holding out the \$1.00 interest in advance. At the time I met this quack he had around two

hundred dollars loaned out in small sums in this manner. He seemed to feel quite proud over his financial engineering ability and although I was practically a stranger to him he did not hesitate to explain his scheme to me. Every dollar he could squeeze out of his veterinary practice he loaned out on this plan.

If he had been proportionately as successful in the veterinary end as he was in his money loaning scheme he would have had J. P. Morgan backed off the board in a few years' time.

Still another of these quacks I met was a real estate agent on the side, and another put in his spare time as an insurance solicitor.

One quack I met was the king of quackdom; he was not only a quack veterinarian, he was also a quack druggist and a quack spectacle fitter.

One little "sawed-off" quack I bumped into on this trip made a side-line of supplying the wives of his clients with a "female regulator." He put it up in eight-ounce bottles selling for \$1.00 and confided to me that his profit per bottle was around ninety-two cents.

One quack I met below the Texas line on this trip was a professional gambler! He pursued the veterinary game only when luck was against him and then just long enough to get a stake to begin to gamble on again.

In that day and time a remark that I once heard a veterinarian make fitted Oklahoma to a T: "Every darn fool that can't claim knowledge of anything else claims to know all about sick horses."

CHAPTER XII

HOW I BEGAN A REGULAR TRAMP EXISTENCE

I went from El Reno to Chickasha, then in Indian Territory, and "worked" every town on the Rock Island road from there to Henrietta, Texas, and on the new railroad through Wichita Falls to Abilene, Texas.

And a great experience it was, indeed. Chickasha I found to be the toughest town I ever was in excepting Pocatello, Idaho. I had not yet seen Pocatello, Idaho, so Chickasha stood first in the list of hard places with me then. Up to that time I had never seen a greater aggregation of "tough-mugs" than there in Chickasha. I earned one dollar there between trains, a period of a few hours. There was more work "in sight" but I did not care to stay over night in a cheap hotel in that town then. Apologies to Chickasha if it has improved since that time, as it no doubt has. In the other towns between there and the Texas line, I picked up enough money to pay my expenses. My first move in getting off the train in these towns was to look up the livery stables. Here I could usually get a mouth to fix or a case of lameness to prescribe for. This done, I usually looked up the horseshoers; these fellows could usually put me on the trail of a cripple or two and as soon as I had five or six dollars made, I would make a move for the next town. In this way, although I was a tramp veterinarian, I

could always ride first-class trains. In all my roving about, I always "rode the cushions."

Over the entire route from El Reno to the Texas line, I did not find one graduate veterinarian. At one place in Indian Territory, called Durant, I met a correspondence school chap who was a pretty bright fellow and he had a nice little practice. I stopped over night with him and found him a good man. He was pretty well informed and, I presume, made some money there.

When I got as far as Wichita Falls, Texas, I began to feel my health improving rapidly. I stayed over night in Wichita Falls, intending to leave on the first train next morning; but when I got to the depot the next morning, the train was marked several minutes late. Just across from the depot I saw a livery stable and I went in and told them who and what I was and that I had just about twenty minutes in which to do a little work for them.

Sure! I was just the fellow they were looking for. In less than two minutes I was examining a bad case of sweeney; in another two or three minutes I had both shoulders injected with saturated salt solution, was paid three dollars for my trouble and had just time enough to walk back to the depot, buy my ticket and board the train for the next town. This was all I did in Wichita Falls. The town was a little too large for my kind of procedure, so I did not try for much. The towns which are good soil for such fellows

as I was at that time are the real small towns of a few hundred population.

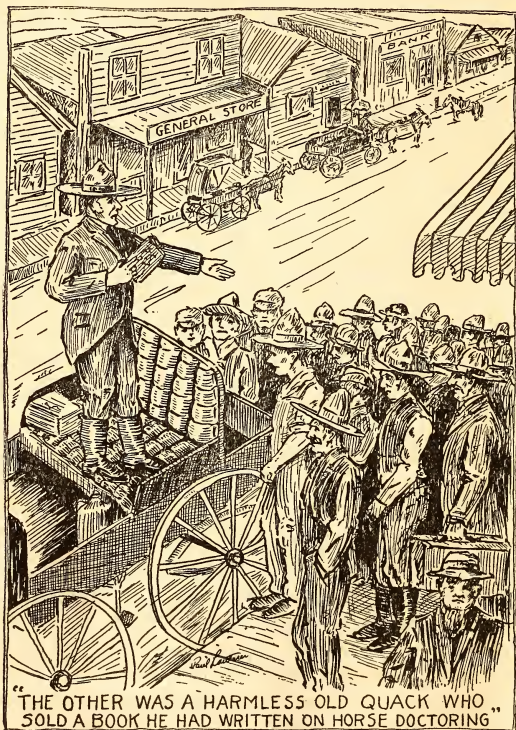
One thing which I learned in the south and southwest was that one could do almost any operation or give almost any treatment to a horse without spending much time in tying them up or throwing them. With a good twitch on the nose I have performed in the standing position, operations which, on the vigorous horses of the north, I would never attempt. The horses in the south did not have the nerve that our northern horses have.

My first stop south of Wichita Falls was a new town named Monday. It was a nice little place on the new railroad and should be quite a place by this time. The day after I arrived there was the monthly stock and cattle market, a regular jockey day. Or rather, this came on Monday; I arrived Saturday evening.

As soon as I got off the train I looked around for a livery stable. I had not walked very far when I noticed a bill stuck up on a telegraph post stating that two veterinarians, whose names I do not remember, would be on hand Monday to treat all diseases of horses in a scientific manner, etc., etc. I walked another block or so to the livery stable, and there I saw another card tacked up. Dr. So and So would also be there Monday to do some scientific treating.

Counting myself, this made four of us; all, I presume, ready to cut prices and each other's throats, if necessary. I did not care much about staying there after seeing those signs. I sup-

posed, of course, that all of them were regular callers there, and that they would probably get all the business.



But I could not get away very well. I came in Saturday night with only three or four dollars

in my pocket. There were no trains running on Sunday; I had to stay. When Monday morning came, I just had to do some business. My bill at the hotel was over two dollars, and the fare to the next town amounted to more than I would have left after paying the hotel bill.

So I stayed and faced the music. Two of the advertising veterinarians were a couple of old quacks whom I had heard of before. They traveled about in a covered wagon and were genuine fakers. The other was a harmless old quack who sold a book he had written on "Horse Doctoring" and confined his work to making a spiel while standing on the seat of his buggy.

When I saw what my competitors for the day were like, I felt better. I began to walk around among the people, handing out my cards and saying a good word for myself. There were quite a few people on hand and more were constantly coming in. The cards which I was passing around had my name printed on them, giving my address as El Reno, Oklahoma. Below my name was the statement that I had formerly been assistant to the State Veterinarian of Texas and also veterinarian in the United States Bureau of Animal Industry.

This was true, and it carried well. I am sure that these cards saved the day for me. I was a young, "kiddish" appearing fellow, and would have had little chance against the grizzled, experienced looking quacks who were there. I knew that if I got a chance at a single case I could make them "go way back and sit down." But

my immature appearance was against me; therefore, I will always believe that those cards opened the way.

There was not much veterinary work done there that day, but as near as I could tell, I got all that was there. For three hours I fixed horses'



"I never use a mouth speculum, but pass one of my hands into the mouth and feel of every tooth"

teeth; one horse after another, just as fast as I could. I know that the greater part of that time those quacks were standing around in the crowd, looking at my performance. Dentistry was one thing I could do at that time, and I had a few knacks up my sleeve which always created aston-

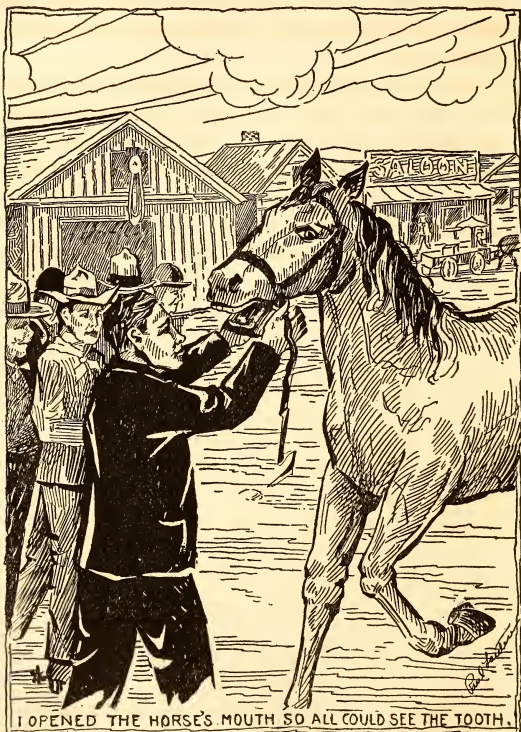
ishment. I never use a mouth speculum, but pass one of my hands into the mouth and feel of every tooth. Most wolf-teeth I can extract with my fingers and frequently do the same with split or broken teeth which have become loosened.

On this day, the first horse that was brought to me had a long shell of a molar which had been split through the middle and which stood out against the cheek. I could see that it was quite loose and could be snapped out with the fingers, I opened the horse's mouth so that the ten or twenty spectators could see the tooth and I took the time to give each of them a good look at it; it really looked quite formidable. When all had seen it, I reached in with my bare hand and yanked the thing out. That was enough for them; for three hours I fixed horse after horse. And the quacks looked on.

Towards noon it got extremely hot, about the hottest day I ever experienced. I had earned enough money for one day; I bought myself a big, juicy watermelon and sat down in the shade of a big wagon and ate the whole melon. Next I paid my hotel bill, and then I bought a ticket right through to Abilene, on the main line of the Texas & Pacific Railway and at the end of a new railroad I had been following.

Abilene was then a town of about eight thousand people; and a real good town, too. I had three or four dollars left when I got there and my first move was to inquire whether there were any veterinarians in practice there. At a drug

store I was informed that there was one "hanging out" at Holme's stable, and thither I went.



Arriving at the stable, I was directed to a blacksmith shop in the rear; there I found my man. He was under a horse, tacking on a shoe.

To my question about the whereabouts of the veterinary surgeon, he answered that he was the party. He was very glad to meet me, as he had often heard about me, he said, while I was located in El Paso.

He stated that he was helping out the blacksmith, who was sick, and that he had intended to take the shop off his hands as his practice was not paying. He told me he was a graduate of a Michigan school. I knew at once that this was not true. He was a quack; one of those quacks who imagine themselves at the head of the veterinary profession and constantly rave about quacks and quackery. I have met two or three of this kind, and they are usually pretty foxy fellows. Just the same, he was a good sort. When I told him I might stay in his town a while he became interested. He suggested that we form a partnership and gather up some "quick money," as he called it. He said there were lots of cases of "heavy surgery" about the country, cases which he had not had the time to fix up.

Well, I was down and out; and as I had decided to remain in Abilene a while, anyhow, I thought I might just as well have the fellow with me as against me. I agreed to go in with him; and he was the happiest fellow you ever saw. We rented an office before night, had cards printed and began business. We divided everything equally and at the end of two months I had saved about seventy-five dollars out of my share.

Those two months were the most interesting, and at the same time the most care-free, I ever

spent in my life. My partner was a most interesting character, and between him and the people we worked for I had a real circus.

When a fellow came along with a horse to be "worked on," as they call it down there, my partner always took him in hand first. When he could not convince the fellow that his horse needed some "heavy surgery," to cost maybe twenty dollars, he would call to me, "Here, Doc; talk scientific to this fellow." Then I would tackle him; and usually we landed him.

This quack was a remarkable man in more ways than one. Though nearly sixty years old, he was as spry as I at that time, and he had the record of being a real terror in a fight. He was a "handy guy" at any fighting game and, even at his age, would rather fight than anything else. When dressed up, he was a fine looking man. He really had the stuff in him to do something worth while. At the forge he was a wonder. I have in my possession today a molar extractor which he forged by hand in the blacksmith shop, and it is my best instrument. But the discription of my practice with "Doc" Asa, for that was his name, is worthy of a chapter in itself.

CHAPTER XIII

IN THE "ABILENE" COUNTRY

Whoa! Hold on there with that mule! Ain't you got sense enough to see we're doing some

heavy surgery here? Some of you gosh danged farmers don't know nothin'."

This outburst of righteous wrath came from my partner, Dr. Asa, and the object of his wrath was a long, gauky, cotton farmer who had the intention of having a "sween-eyed" mule "worked on," being in the act of leading the mule into our unpretentious infirmary when my partner's



Doc. Asa

wrath burst out. My partner called the infirm-ary the infirmary; he, my partner I mean, had not had a very generous education, either general or veterinary; so please be easy on his "technical terms."

When Dr. Asa was doing "heavy" surgery which was his term for major surgery, he would insult his best friend if he so much as ventured a suggestion of any sort. If no one made any sort of suggestions bearing on the operation he would invariably vent his spleen on the first party to intrude on the field of maneuvering. If it happened to be a long horn farmer, or a "hill-billie," as Dr. Asa called them, he would continue his first outburst with a running talk somewhat as follows:

"Gosh darned funny some people can't learn nothin'; seems to me everybody ought to know that by their gosh darned movin' around they stir up enough micromes to put the tetanic disease in a surgery case. Especially these gosh darned rubes with their heavy walkin'; they jar the buildin' enough so as to kill any surgery case with the shock. And then the darn fool has a notion to drag a mule in yit; never see no such gosh darned fools as growed up around here." And so he kept on until something else switched his wrath onto some other object or person.

To me these wrathful broadsides of the old quack were worth a circus; I was only a few years out of college at the time and I could always get a good "inside" laugh on these occasions.

The "heavy" surgery case off his hands, Dr. Asa proceeded to "work on" the sweeneyed mule. But not before an argument with the farmer on the name "sweeney" had been gone through. The farmer wanted to know why the condition was called sweeney. Dr. Asa informed him that it was not called "sweeney" where he came from (Michigan); there in Michigan they called it shoulder atrophy, he said. How anybody could call the condition "sweeney" was more than he could understand, he said; why, what was "sweeney" but an Irishman's name anyhow, and couldn't the farmer see that he was entirely wrong? This was old Dr. Asa every time; no matter how plain the case, or how right the farmer, Dr. Asa always attempted to show him that he was "way off" before he did anything for the animal. Sometimes the argument got so hot that the owner of the animal left in disgust; at other times Dr. Asa would chase him away for being "too smart." "If you know so gosh darned much about it," he would say, "what the dickens you coming around here for to have me fix your horse up?"

At the time of which I write there were not over twenty-five graduate veterinarians in practice in the whole state of Texas, and some of the "stunts" enacted in the name of veterinary science were well worth seeing.

But let us return to the cotton-farmer with the "sweeneyed" mule. Dr. Asa apparently convinced him that sweeney was a name to be men-

tioned only in the dark, and that a rowel must be inserted to cure the "aterphy."

When the seton was in place the farmer wanted to know how much his bill came to. "Five dollars," said Dr. Asa.

"Five dollars!" yelled the farmer. "Smoking cat-fish, five dollars for a little job like that? Why, man, I could done that just as well myself if I only had the tools."

"Look a here, Mister," says Dr. Asa, "Don't you start no rough talk around here, 'cause I'm perfessional, and I won't stand for it. My partner here (meaning me) is a scientific graduate, and he can tell you that I done you a scientific piece of work. Your bill is five dollars and you got to pay it. And what's more, you got to pay it right *now*."

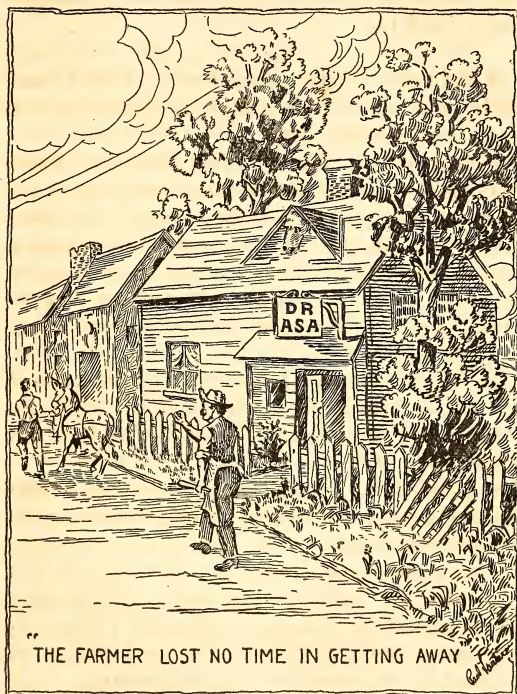
I began to look around for a place to duck under; in those days, in that country, arguments of that sort usually were dangerous for the "innocent bystander."

"I'll be hung before I pay you five dollars for that job," says the farmer. "You can sue me for it, and see if you get it." With that he began to walk away with the mule.

"Hold on there, you skinner," yells old Doc Asa, and at the same time he makes a jump for the mule's head. He had a knife in his hand and I feared I was going to witness a cutting match. But I was wrong; the old fellow's program was entirely different. With a quick slash he had cut through the seton and with the same movement jerked it out.

"There," he says, "now take your darned mule away from here before I start something."

The farmer lost no time in getting away with



his mule, either. Old Dr. Asa, though in his fifties, had a reputation as a scrapper in any form, shape or manner. Knives, guns, fists or

feet, the old fellow was any younger man's equal. It has always been a wonder to me that he could live in that country as long as he did. He had been there six years when I went into partnership with him.

* * * * *

I had been with Dr. Asa a couple of weeks and aside from a few little "misunderstandings" we were getting along fine. These little "misunderstandings" arose from the fact that Asa would never make a call alone; he always insisted on my accompanying him. I tried to argue with him that there was no advantage in a partnership conducted on those lines, because the two of us could do no more than one man alone. Nearly every time we made a call together we lost money by missing a job or two that came to the office while we were gone. I tried to show him that if one of us would "hang around" the office we could get all the business. But he would not see it my way. The only reason for his attitude on this point that I could ever figure out was that the old scoundrel feared I might "double-cross" him in some way.

We kept no books on the partnership and "squared up" after every job we did, each receiving half of all money taken in. When rent was due, or a drug bill had to be paid, each of us reached in our pocket for half the amount.

One reason for this way of keeping our finances straight was that both of us were "hard up." The other reason was that we did not trust each other; that's a fact. Asa feared I was too

smooth for him because I was a college graduate, and I feared Asa was too cunning for me because he was a foxy old quack.

Anyhow, Asa kept on dragging me around on his calls, and after a time he got so that he depended on me a great deal. He got so that he would depend on me to carry thermometers, trocars, hypos and other utilities; he knew I usually kept these in my pockets and he soon acquired the habit of leaving his things in the office.

When we arrived on the scene of trouble he would say to me, "Doc, take his fever with that there thermometry of yourn."

When he had diagnosed the case and received my confirmation of the findings he would say, "Well, Doc, shoot the hypo to him;" which meant for me to do whatever I thought ought to be done.

One night after I had gone to bed a call came from a rancher about eight miles north of town. Dr. Asa wanted me to accompany him on the trip as usual, but I played sick and refused to go. He stuck around for at least a quarter of an hour trying to induce me to go with him, but I remained firm and refused to be induced. Finally he left, and I went back to sleep. It seemed to me that I had been sleeping only a short time when I was awakened by Dr. Asa calling my name. When I looked up I saw him feeling through my vest pockets, cussing a string of cuss-words the while. "You're a fine graduate, you are," he yells at me, "let a feller drive eight

miles to a colic with no trocar. And when I gets there the gosh-darned plug is bloated like a circus balloon. Had she been a cow I might a knived her, but you know we can't do no such surgery on the equi specials. Come on out of that there bed now and go along back with me; we got to hurry."

Well, I looked at my watch and saw that it would soon be daylight anyhow, so I jumped into my clothes and rode along back to the poor nag waiting to be stabbed with the trocar, eight miles away.

From the description Dr. Asa gave me of the case as it was when he left it I judged that the rancher would probably be digging the grave when we arrived. Dr. Asa did not think so, because he had given the horse a big dose of peppermint and belladonna, his favorite colic cure; he was sure this would keep him going until the trocar could be gotten.

When we were getting close to the ranch house Asa began to run the horse he was driving and we flew into that yard like a Chicago fire department, taking off a rod or two of poultry wire from the hen yard before Asa got the control of the fifth wheel after making the turn into the gate.

I could see no one anywhere about when we made our flying entrance and I was sure the patient had died. To one side of the barn there was a small mesquite grove and toward this grove Asa now steered our horse. As we got up close

I saw the rancher sitting on the ground and the sick horse lay a few yards farther in the grove.

Jumping out of the buggy, trocar in hand, Asa yells at the rancher, "Didn't I tell you to keep him up? What in blazes you want to let him lay around like that for?" The rancher answered not a word but he appeared to be very much amused about something or other.

When Asa got close to the patient he says: "There now, you see, you went and let him die. I told you to keep him up. But we'll tap him anyhow." With that he shoved the instrument into the dead horse's flank and began a lecture on the operation of tapping. When no more gas came through the canula he pulled it out and told the rancher he owed us ten dollars.

I began to move over to the place where our horse was tied and untied him; I feared we might have to make a fire-run out of that yard and I wanted to be ready.

But in a few minutes Asa and the rancher came out of the grove and Asa handed me five silver dollars, my share of the fee.

As far as I could see everybody thought everything was O. K.

CHAPTER XIV

UNFAIR COMPETITION

One day as I was returning from a visit to a neighboring town my partner, Dr. Asa, met me at the depot. He appeared considerably wrought up about something and the way he welcomed me back would have given one the impression that I had been away for several months instead of a day.

"Gee whiskers, Doc," he says, "glad you came back so quick; there is big competition in town! A guy blowed in this morning and he is throwing bills around which says he is here to stay. We got to get busy an' scare him out." In our walk from the depot to the office, I got a look at the "big competition," and the description suited him all right. He was one of the biggest men I have ever seen, and if size made competition, he was the whole thing, without question. I tried to calm Dr. Asa's fears by various remarks about size from all unfavorable points of view but he would not be calmed; he said he was somewhat acquainted with the big fellow and knew him to be the most unscrupulous competitor imaginable. Later I found this to be true, and in all my travels I met only one quack who was this big fellow's equal in all the tricks of quackery. On this occasion he began his campaign with an indirect personal attack on Dr. Asa by passing out cards which read:

Dr. C. W. Neok
Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist.

This was on the face of the card; on the back of the card were the words:

“Tell the truth and stay sober;
It will win!”

This was the “slam” at Asa, who violated the above named virtues with considerable regularity, and his weakness for drink was especially well known.

Now began a campaign of price-cutting and mud-slinging, the like of which I had not seen before nor have I seen its equal since. Dentistry, which was regularly done at three dollars, was shoved down to one dollar, and I have seen Dr. Asa float a mouth for fifty cents rather than let the job go to Neok. It got so that the farmers took advantage of this state of war among the veterinary fraternity and they would “get prices” from each of us before they hired one of us. It was the most exciting time I ever went through in practice, but it was great fun for a youngster such as I was at the time.

About three weeks after “the big competition” located, things were getting to a dangerous pitch between my partner, Dr. Asa, and the big quack, Dr. Neok. They did not confine their energies to drawing trade; they made slanderous remarks about each other and even threatened one another with physical punishment.

It was quite a difficult matter for me to maintain a neutral attitude because of my association

with Dr. Asa, but I succeeded in keeping out of the mix-up so far as real action went.

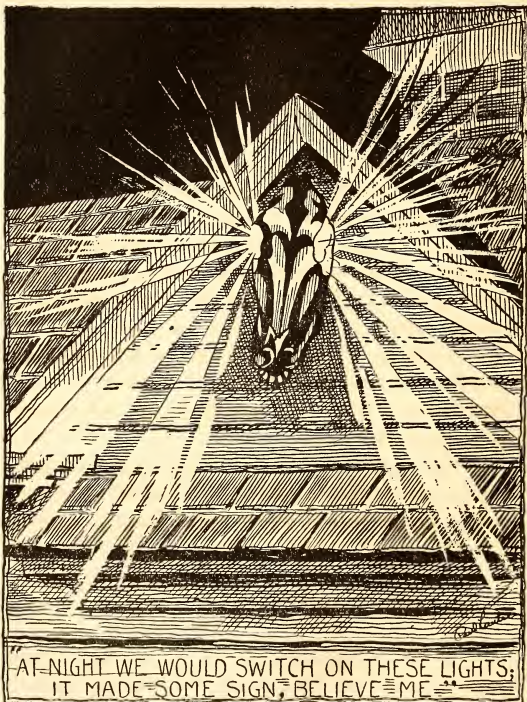
Asa now absolutely refused to go on a call by himself, and even on a short call in town he would take me along with him. Neok had threatened bodily violence should they ever meet face to face, and Asa was taking no chances. In that country, in those days, bodily violence meant a shooting affair, and I did not relish the part I had to play. However, I could not very well forsake my legitimate partner at so critical a time.

The office which we occupied at that time was a small, wooden affair, probably ten by twelve feet floor space and one story high. On top of the roof, just on the edge of front peak, Asa had mounted the bleached skull of a horse, with an electric light globe in each orbital fossa. At night we would switch on these lights; it made some sign, believe me.

Dr. Asa claimed that the skull was that of a running horse by the name of Major Dangerfield who had died while in his care. Whenever anyone remarked about the peculiar method of advertising, Asa would say, "Yep; proud to say that's old Major Dangerfield's cranium. I had to do some heavy surgery on him, but he couldn't live."

As I sat in the office one night reading, I was nearly scared out of my wits by what seemed to be a loud explosion on our roof. I jumped out through the front door and, looking up, I failed to see the lights in the eye-sockets of "Major Dangerfield's cranium;" neither could I distin-

guish the skull itself. When I investigated early the next morning, I found that only a few pieces of the skull remained on the roof, the greater



portion being scattered about on the ground; near the edge of the gable the shingles had been bored through by a high-power rifle ball. Asa

blamed Neok for this trick, without hesitation. To me it made no difference who had done the shooting; it was getting altogether too warlike for my comfort, and I told Asa that I was going to leave for more peaceful fields. He begged me to remain; he even cried, but I went.

The finish of this veterinary war in Abilene I can only tell from hearsay. It seems that after I left Neok sent for reinforcements in the form of another quack by the name of Stables. The two of them finally harassed Asa into open warfare. For a number of days Neok and Asa endeavored to ambush one another with sawed-off shotguns. Some friends on both sides were successful in preventing bloodshed by negotiating a meeting between Neok, Stables and Asa, at which meeting Asa sold his practice and office to Neok for the sum of eighty-five dollars.

So ended Dr. Asa's career as a veterinary practitioner in Texas.

I heard of many instances which were as bad, if not worse, as the competition between Asa and Neok. Texas was a great state from a veterinary standpoint in those days.

CHAPTER XV

FAREWELL TO ABILENE

Of Abilene and the country around it, I have many pleasant memories. That year, when I was there, the prospects for a cotton crop were exceptionally good and the farmers were spending their money freely. Abilene had outgrown the cattle business and cotton was king. West of Abilene there was some cotton, but more cattle. A few years later, though, I saw a cotton gin at Monahans, which is about two hundred miles west of Abilene.

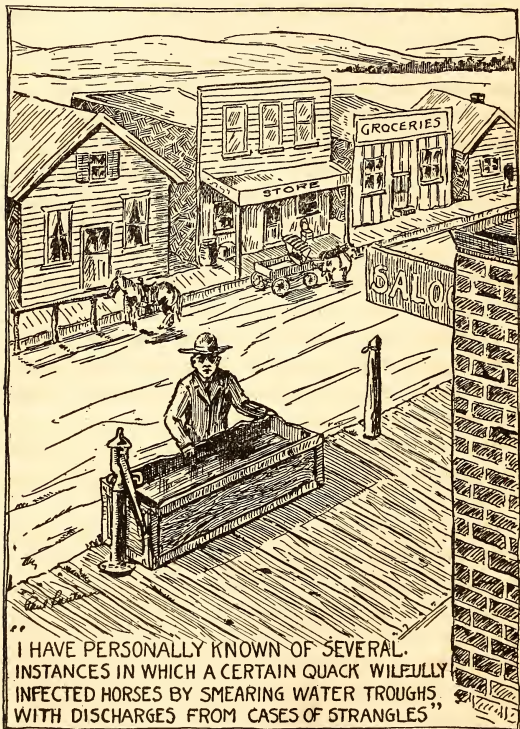
At the time of which I write, Texas had no laws regulating the practice of veterinary medicine and surgery, and the state was swarming with quacks.

When I recall to mind some of the work I have seen done in the name of veterinary science, I can almost bring tears to my eyes. I have seen animals submitted to the most cruel tortures by some of these quacks for the most simple and benign conditions or diseases.

The greatest harm, however, which follows on the trail of one of these defamers of a worthy profession is the seeds of ignorance which they sow and cultivate among farmers. Besides this they are, as a rule, dishonest.

I have personally known of several instances in which a certain quack wilfully infected horses promiscuously in a certain small town by smear-

ing water troughs and hitching posts with the nasal discharges from cases of strangles. Through their ignorance, I have known two quacks to



trephine a case of glanders, thinking it a catarrhal condition, and thus exposing hundreds of horses, as well as people, to infection.

Likewise, I have known, personally, of several cases of catarrh of the facial sinuses produced by a decayed tooth in which a quack ordered the horses killed, thinking them glandered. I know of a case where a quack was called to assist a mare in foaling. After he arrived and examined the mare he decided that he could not get the colt away. Instead of telling the farmer that the case was too much for him and requesting a consultation or other veterinary assistance, he sent the farmer into the house after some soap; while the farmer was in the house he gave the mare a large dose of strychnine, from which she died within an hour. I know of cases, to which I was called later, which in the start were simple conditions, but which had been converted into very grave affections by improper treatment. Right here, where I am practicing today, there are quacks who treat other people's animals and charge them for it, but when their own animals or some of their relatives' animals get sick they call me in.

One thing I know, and that is this: A graduate, if he does not benefit a case, will certainly not do it any harm. He knows his anatomy and physiology; these two alone will keep him from harming the patient. From lack of anatomical knowledge I knew a quack to cut out, in its entirety, the patella of a horse, presuming thereby to correct a claudication. From the same lack of knowledge I knew a quack to tap a cow for bloat, through the lateral processes of the lumbar vertebrae.

If there is a quack in practice who, when he gets a case which he cannot diagnose, will frankly tell the owner so, I have not yet seen or heard of him. Every one of them whom I came in contact with will treat any case you bring them, and will continue to treat the case as long as you allow them to do so, or until the patient dies. Cases which get well under their treatment, get well, with few exceptions, in spite of their treatment and not because of it.

I may seem a trifle too severe on quacks and quackery, but I tell you that half the quacks in practice today should be in jail. The other half should be hung. I can prove it. I call to mind an instance which gives a fair illustration of the integrity of some of these fellows. On a certain day a cotton farmer brought a mule to a certain quack in Abilene for the purpose of having his teeth floated. After examining the mouth this horse-doctor gave it as his opinion that the teeth were not much out of order, but that he would float them anyhow, and then give the mule a pill. He thought the pill would do the work alone, but to make sure he would float the teeth a little.

The farmer took his mule home after this had been done, and as he did not seem to improve a particle, he sent the mule in again with a neighbor, a week later. The quack having forgotten what he told the farmer the first time, now told his neighbor that the mule had the worst set of teeth he ever saw, and then he floated them again. When the neighbor got the mule home and told

the owner all about it, he got mad and threatened to shoot the first horse-doctor he should ever happen to see.

He cooled down in a few days and brought the mule to me. One of the upper molars had decayed and the opposing tooth in the lower jaw had grown until it was about an inch too long. It took only a minute to cut this off and enable the mule to eat properly. Now, this quack had "fixed" this same mouth twice within a week and had done absolutely nothing toward correcting the condition. Well, this will do for the quacks.

Now, let me see; where was I? Oh, yes; I was in the act of leaving my quack partner at Abilene. About two months I had been there. I could see that our bubble was getting ready to burst; we had to charge exorbitant fees to make any money, and we were being shunned by the farmers. They were almost afraid to look at the sign on our door for fear we might charge them for the looking. Before the bottom dropped out from under us I packed my trunk and bade my partner farewell.

I had about seventy-five dollars saved up, and I bought a ticket right through to El Paso, four hundred and fifty miles west.

CHAPTER XVI

DR. ASA TURNS UP

I buckled right down to business in El Paso and soon had things going nicely when, without a word of notice, Dr. Asa dropped in on me one day.

He said he was on his way to California and his wife and his two children accompanied him. As he seemed somewhat poorly rigged out, I asked him where his wife and the youngsters were staying, upon which he said that they were comfortably fixed in a hotel. He did not know the name of the hotel but said he knew where it was located and could find the place without trouble. He finally admitted that he had only a few dollars left and thought he would stick around a few days and make enough money to pay their way to the coast.

While I was somewhat short on change myself, I wanted to help him all I could and suggested that he run up to Las Cruces, New Mexico, for a few days. Las Cruces was a fine little town in the Mesilla valley about forty miles from El Paso, and not even a quack there. I knew Asa could clean up a nice little sum of money there in a few days because I had been called there frequently and knew just what the possibilities were for such an attempt as Asa would make.

He agreed at once that it was exactly the sort

of a proposition he was looking for and he could hardly wait for the train to start, which would be at seven in the evening. As it was early in



the morning when we mapped out this program, he decided to spend the day seeing the sights, and forth he went, in good humor.

A few hours later, I happened on him a few blocks from my office "gloriously betanked;" he could barely follow the sidewalk.

"Hello Doc," he yelled at me; "say, this is some burg all right, all right. Say, Doc, I'm going to stay right here; put up a big infirmary here, Doc; be rich in two years. Fine people; got the money too." He ran off a couple of yards of this line of talk and I had some difficulty changing the subject.

I reminded him of the trip to Las Cruces and suggested that we look up his wife and kids. "By George," he says, "that's right, Doc; say, I forgot all about them." He was sure he knew exactly where the hotel was and started right out to go there. We walked for over an hour, from one hotel to another, but we could not find the right one. Asa would stand in front of each place, swaying about and "sizing it up;" then he would look in the door, come out again, "size" the building up some more, and then he would say, "Nope; that ain't quite the place. Looks pretty near like it though." Then we would go on to the next one. Finally we came to a boarding house, quite a piece away from the downtown hotels. "Here she is, Doc," Asa yelled; "now we got her. I told you I knew where it was; come on in."

Arrived inside, we found the wife and "kiddos" howling; they feared Asa had gone and left them. Also, they had not had a bite to eat since the supper on the evening before. This "got my goat" and I gave him the benefit of a

piece of my mind. He showed fight, and I had to threaten him with a heavy molar cutter which I spied in an open suit case in a corner of the room.

When he got somewhat more tame again, he threw himself on the bed and fell asleep. After making arrangements for something to eat for the madam and youngsters, I left, with instructions to the madam to telephone me as soon as Asa woke up.

As I received no message by two in the afternoon I thought I would go over and see how things were. Asa had just come alive when I entered and he was the sickest, most dejected man I ever saw. He obeyed my every command, and promised to stay in the room until I should call for him in time for the train to Las Cruces. And he did.

We left on the Santa Fe that evening, having made arrangements for Mrs. Asa and the children to remain at the boarding house in El Paso.

We arrived at Las Cruces about nine o'clock and spent an hour or two getting "the lay of the land" before we went to bed.

Arising early the next morning, we had a good breakfast and then we went to work. The fact that I was acquainted with a few people in the town made it easy to get started. By noon we had about a hundred dollars worth of work "in sight" and old Dr. Asa felt pretty good about it. He decided that Las Cruces just about suited him and that he would locate there permanently; I was to return to El Paso and ship his family to

Las Cruces at once. I was only too glad to find him so easily pleased and I returned to El Paso and sent his family on their way to Las Cruces.

A few weeks later I heard he was in jail at Albuquerque, New Mexico. He had only been in Las Cruces a few days when he went on another "tear," spending every dollar he had earned. To go the limit he had "soaked" his instruments to a liveryman and, then, still drunk, he had stolen them from the fellow before night.

His wife and the children "went back to her folks."

Later I heard that Asa finally reached California.

NOTE: "Doc" Asa is still in his old ways; recently he was telling a friend of the publisher that on his return from California to Abilene that they met him with four brass bands and that about 2000 people marched with him to his hotel. Quite a cordial reception for old "Doc."

CHAPTER XVII

I GET THE GOLD FEVER

I worked up a fair practice in El Paso; and at the end of three years I went away and left it; left it to go on a gold prospecting trip in old Mexico. It happened in this way:

Shortly after I had again located in El Paso I made the acquaintance of an old prospector by the name of Lister. This old fellow would come down to my office nearly every night and sit around smoking his pipe and telling me stories of adventure on his numerous trips on the hunt for gold.

Let one of these old-timers, who knows how to tell what he has gone through, talk to a young fellow who has the fire of youth in his blood; I say, let such an old-timer talk to a live, young fellow night after night for several months. If you can keep that young fellow where he happens to be located at the time you can class yourself as a real man-handler.

The case is even worse if, like this old-timer told me, he knows where there are some exceptionally rich placer grounds; grounds where a few months' work will make you independent; if he could only get a grub-stake. I listened to these talks for many nights. First I decided to put up the money to let the old sodger make a trip down to these grounds. They were supposed to be in the state of Sonora, on the edge of the Yaquin

country. After a few more weeks I decided to go with him if we could get another man to go with us.

Within a few days we found one who was not only willing to go, but was looking for just such an opportunity. He and I put up two hundred and fifty dollars for our outfit, and the old prospector was to take us to the place, and bring us back. We left El Paso on September twenty-eight for Casas Grandes, where we bought jack mules and everything we were told to buy. After five weeks of hard knocks, securing only a good knowledge of how to pack a burro, we came back. Our man could not find the place he had talked so much about. When we got into the mountains he knew no more about the country than we did. We kept pushing on over range after range of hills, until we were a hundred and fifty miles from the railroad; and then we came back.

We left the old prospector in a Mormon colony on top of the continental divide. He swore he would yet find the place, if we would have patience.

We left him with enough grub for three or four weeks, and then we hiked it along to Casas Grandes. There we sold our burros and trappings and came back to El Paso, nearly broke again.

Two days later my prospecting partner left for California, while I took the train for Abilene. I never saw either of these men again; nor have I heard from them. About two weeks later the

Mexican revolution broke out, and I was glad we were back in the good old United States of America.

I remained in Abilene only a few days and then journeyed on to Little Rock, Arkansas, once more. There I remained about two weeks, including four or five days I spent at a lumber camp in the Fourche Mountains there. I made this trip to the lumber camp for Doctor Merchant, who had some patients there, receiving for it five dollars per day.

When I returned to Little Rock from this lumber camp, I bought a ticket to Milwaukee, arriving there on December 15, 1910, after an absence of just about five years. And I was broke again!

This time I was pretty well disgusted with myself and my condition. Here I was, a grown-up man, twenty-eight years old, with not a dollar of my own nor a place to lay my head. I had made a failure of everything so far. But just the same, I had hopes; I never gave up. I knew that I could make good anywhere, if I could settle down. My predicament now was that I had quite a bit of settling up to do, also. And then I found out that while a young lad is given every opportunity and encouragement to help him, when a fellow gets up near thirty and cannot show anything for his efforts, people fight shy of him; they size him up as a no-account.

CHAPTER XVIII

"PASTURES NEW"

A brother of mine was practicing veterinary medicine and surgery in the Missouri river country in South Dakota. He had written to me a number of times saying that his state had some fine openings for practitioners and that he would at least like to have me come up and spend a few weeks with him.

So up I went.

I found him located in a fine little town, Chamberlain; and he was doing well. The only trouble he had was a mania for fishing in the Missouri when he ought to be cutting out shoe-boils and filing teeth. So well were his clients acquainted with his weakness for this pastime that they first walked down to the river when they came to consult him; if they did not find him there they knew there was no use looking in the office for him, because he was either out of town or fishing.

When I arrived, he had a number of odd cases sticking around the country waiting to be operated upon and I induced him, with some difficulty, to give the fish a rest until we could clean up some of this work. I was anxious to get on some of the Dakota farms and ranches; I wanted to handle some of their stock and their diseases, for the purpose of comparing them with methods and conditions in Texas and the Southwest.

We drove about the country for several days treating various chronic maladies and doing a lot of dentistry. I found that the fees there were fully as high as in Texas, but that the horses were harder to handle; they had more life than the "dunghills" we treated in the Southwest. We had to cast some patients for simple operations, which we invariably could perform with the horse in the standing position down in the Texas country.

One day as we were driving near the village of White Lake, about 35 miles east of Chamberlain, we came to a fine looking farm. My brother informed me that the owner was a cranky old German and that he had had some disagreement with him on account of a prescription. Nevertheless, he said he knew the old fellow had several animals requiring veterinary attention and he suggested that we drive in to see him. While my brother doubted whether the old fellow would allow him to treat any of the animals he thought that I might be able to do something. It was none of my trouble, I thought, and so we drove into the yard.

A boy came out of the house, and my brother asked him to please tell his father to come out.

When the old man saw who it was that wanted to speak with him he bristled up immediately, saying, "No, no, I got no sick stock." My brother ignored this and told him he wanted to introduce me, his brother from Texas and also a veterinarian. "Oh, so is dat," says the old codger. "Oh, hu, hu; two in vun fambly! Vell,

I tell you," addressing me now, "your brudder here he nearly done me someding. I had here a sick colt, und he given me a scription for him. I tooken the scription to the druggist store und dey told me dere vas enough arsenic in that scription to kill all the horses in South Dakota. Now, vat is dot for a business from a man vot claims he is a vertnery? It vas nice yet of the druggist store to told me in time." Here my brother tried to explain to him that he had merely prescribed tablespoonful doses of Fowler's solution of arsenic, which would give the colt not quite three grains at a dose, and as the colt was a big, husky three-year-old, the dose was more than safe.

"Vell," the old fellow says, "maybe you wanted to make it like dat; but the vay the feller in the druggist store told me if I give one dose my colt is a gone goose. No, no, ve can't do such tings."

I took him in hand then and knocked the druggist into a cocked hat by telling him a few of my own experiences. When I got through talking to him he felt like killing the fatted calf for us and he wanted to know whether I was prepared to do some work. Well, I told him, of course, I was only out here on a vacation and so on, but if he had some work he wanted done up in first-class shape, why, I could change my program.

"All right," he says, "come in the barn; I show you someding right away."

We left him after a couple of hours with a nice roll of his coin in our pockets. I charged

him so much that I surely thought he would squeal; but he paid us with a smile and said he hoped we would both stay in that country. A whole year later I came through that part of the country again and he was friendly yet; everything we did for him on that first meeting came out fine.

* * * * *

One day, when I had been in South Dakota two or three weeks, a client of my brother requested him to make a visit to his ranch forty-five miles north of town. He said he had a young horse on this ranch that had a swelling under one eye and a discharge from the nostril on the same side. He stated that he had not seen the horse for three or four months, but the last time he saw him, he said, he seemed to be in a serious condition and he thought he would have us treat him. The reason that he had not seen the animal for such a long time was that he lived in town, and only visited the ranch a few times each year.

As he owned a car he offered to take us to the ranch and bring us back to town the same day. He did not inquire what our charge would be for the trip, and as he was quite wealthy, we presumed that he would be prepared to pay what was right.

We started out early in the morning and arrived at the ranch about noon. The greater portion of the time was spent in crossing the Missouri river in a rowboat and walking from the west shore to the ranch, a distance of a mile

and a half, the car being left in the care of some boys on the east side of the river.

When we arrived at the place and got a look at the horse we found him as sound as a dollar. Every trace of the condition which had troubled him had disappeared. Besides, there was not another animal on the place in need of veterinary services; the superintendent tried hard to give us something to do, but he could not find a mouth to fix. So, back to town we went.

As the ranch owner deposited us in front of our hotel he remarked to my brother that we might present our bill any time we cared to do so. After a consultation with me my brother decided that, as the customary fee for such trips was at the rate of a dollar per mile, forty dollars would be reasonable; this was an allowance of five dollars for the use of the rancher's car.

The next day we presented the bill; but we didn't get the money. The fellow made "such a holler" that we felt like we had committed a murder; we really did feel that way anyhow. Finally, we made a satisfactory adjustment by cutting the bill in two, drawing twenty dollars from him. This was even more than the trip was worth, and I feel like a robber to this day on that score. It was really nothing more than a pleasure trip for my brother and me, and we must have been hard-hearted scoundrels in those days to make a charge of this kind.

Strange to say, the fellow remained friendly towards us even after this hold-up game. He must have been a big-hearted fellow, truly.

One of the most common diseases which I encountered while in South Dakota with my brother was actinomycosis. In the region where my brother was located the disease seemed to be present in some form on almost every farm.

The form known as "lumpy jaw" was the most common, but it seemed to be present always in a mild form and was very amenable to ordinary treatment. Nearly all the cattle affected were young cattle.

Conditions simulating cancerous processes are also seen quite frequently there.

My brother and I term South Dakota the "fly state;" and it is a good name for it.

There seem to be more flies in South Dakota than anything else. I have gone into restaurants in South Dakota and, after having a nice dinner served, walked out and left most of it untouched because the flies bothered me so that I couldn't eat.

In all my travels I never encountered so many flies as there were in South Dakota. I have mentioned this to other travelers and they have had the same experience.

A few counties near the Missouri river have had a good taste of the ravages of hog cholera, but there did not seem to be any good estimate of the importance of stamping out the disease. Instead of disposing of carcasses so as to prevent the propagation of the scourge, most of the farmers took no such steps at all; they seemed to look upon the loss of forty or fifty hogs from cholera as a matter of fact, as something which

belonged to the hog industry and had to be endured.

Probably one reason for this was the scarcity of graduate veterinary practitioners. This makes the employment of veterinary services an expensive matter and both the hogs and the farmers suffer in consequence thereof.

I spoke to one farmer about this when he was telling me of the loss of sixty hogs from cholera. I asked him why he didn't get a veterinarian to treat his hogs with serum. He said he would if there were any veterinarians close enough to make it a reasonable proposition. The nearest practitioner to his farm was about forty miles away; he was usually too busy to attend to calls at such a distance, and even if he could be induced to come, his charge for one trip would cost as much as two or three hogs.

The country in this region is just on the line between a farming country and a ranching country; a veterinarian there must have an immense area to work over in order to be able to exist and it will be many years until the country can support more practitioners there.

There are many towns in which there are apparently good openings for a veterinarian; when one comes to look the field over, however, he usually finds that if he could get all the work for twenty miles in every direction he would be barely able to make ends meet on expenses.

As is usually the case where the farmers have not come in contact very much with graduate veterinarians, so it is there also, namely, the

request for a guarantee on what you do for them.

After you have examined a case of lameness and decided that the cause is a ringbone or a spavin that must be fired and you tell the farmer the fee will be ten dollars, he usually says, "Well, I will give you ten dollars for the job if you will guarantee it." And to some of them you can talk for an hour, using up your best arguments on the point, but you won't get the job except "no cure no pay" fashion. This state of affairs is the direct result of quackery and the farmer must not be blamed for it entirely.

A veterinarian in such localities must combine the selling qualities of a sewing machine agent with his professional ability as a practitioner if he expects to do any business; and it is mighty discouraging work until you get a good start. I know what it is from personal experience. One or two jobs of "hard luck" in such localities "cooks your goose;" you might just as well begin to look around for a new location at once then.

In such localities as these the young practitioner must resort to his knowledge of "handling trade" in the beginning more than to his ability as a practitioner. Until he has made a name for himself he will get no credit for being ever so conscientious or painstaking. Although he may spend half an hour carefully examining a case and using every known scientific means to arrive at a diagnosis, he won't get the credit for it that "old Doc so and so" gets who drives into the yard and "can see what is the matter before he gets

out of his buggy." If the young graduate happens to have "good luck" and succeeds in saving a few grave cases right from the jump, his success is assured; just as they are slow in acclaiming a new beginner's work in these localities, just so ready are they to proclaim him a wonder once he demonstrates that he is worth anything. And if he treats them half "white" they will stick to him against all comers, too, ever after.

Many a worthy young graduate has gone down to defeat in such localities before some ignorant, crooked old quack; not because the young fellow couldn't deliver the goods, but because he relied solely on his ability as a veterinarian and ignored the art of "handling trade."

I have known of places in such localities where an old quack would successfully hold out against graduate after graduate; every little while one would quit and a new one come in again. The old quack eventually got the name of being a wonderful doctor who was "too much" for all the graduates; five or six had tried it against him but he "drove 'em all out."

The next year you come through that town again and you find that another young graduate has located there and he is doing a "land-office" business, "going day and night" as they say. You ask for the old quack and are informed that he spends most of his time cussing the young fellow who was "too much" for him.

Now, usually, this young fellow who is "too much" for the quack is no better *practitioner*

than the five or six who were there before him; maybe not so good, because some of the five or six whom the quack bluffed out are making a mark for themselves in localities where nothing but real ability counts.

But this particular young fellow was not only the quack's master in veterinary science, but he also had him bested in the art of "handling trade;" and in two or three years the quack was a dead letter in veterinary matters in the region.

These things occur not only in South Dakota, but in all states where the graduate veterinarians are now doing pioneer work.

CHAPTER XIX

IDAHO

The year I went to South Dakota for the first time to visit my brother proved to be an "off year" in crops. Small grain was very poor and west of the Missouri river, conditions were even worse.

I saw train after train of settlers driving across the prairie, leaving their claims and going back east. It looked like a bad year all around and my brother decided to quit Chamberlain and look for a new location.

Both my brother and I had often talked about taking a trip into the northwestern part of the United States, and we decided now to tramp through as veterinarians.

We wanted most particularly to see the state of Idaho and that was our ultimate goal. While we wound up in Idaho all right, we changed our program to a certain extent, in so far as we did no veterinary work until we ran out of cash and had to work in order to be able to eat.

We left Chamberlain, S. D., on the one train which ran daily to Rapid City, arriving there the next morning. Rapid City we found to be a fine little town and the country around it looked prosperous in comparison to the "Bad Lands" that one sees before reaching there.

From Rapid City we went to Edgemont, over a jerk-water road that runs through the Black

Hills to a place called Mystic, and then over the Burlington road.

The mountain scenery along that little jerk-



water road from Rapid City to Mystic is the finest to be seen in this country. I have crossed

the Rockies in several places, have been in the Sierra Madres in Mexico and the Sierra Nevadas in this country, and none have any grander sights than can be seen along this little railroad through the Black Hills. My brother has the same opinion, and he has traveled even more than I have.

From Edgemont we went direct to Billings, Mont., then to Butte, and from Butte into Idaho, making our first stop at Idaho Falls.

While our cash was not yet all gone it was getting low, and we were beginning to think about doing a little dentistry or something. We had already covered around two thousand miles since leaving Chamberlain and had paid first-class fare for every mile, to say nothing of eating expenses and other items. Besides, we had stopped for a little recreation in Rapid City and in Butte and that cost something too.

We got into Idaho Falls at 2 o'clock in the morning and left before noon the same day. We discovered that there was a graduate practicing there and we did nothing further than to visit with him a few hours.

Our next stop was McCammon, where we floated a few mouths an hour or so after we landed.

We had an interesting experience on getting off the train at McCammon. We carried a large grip full of dental instruments, two surgical kits, and a couple of "Nancy Hanks" medicine cases. When we walked away from the depot towards the town, we noticed a man following us; when we got to the main section of the burg, we

deposited our grips on the sidewalk and held a meeting on the state of our finances. While we were counting our change, this man who had been following us walked up to us and said, "You fellers will have to pay a license in this town."

"By George," says my brother, "this state must have *some* State Board of Veterinary Examiners; they tackle the vets the minute they get off the train."

When we asked the fellow how much the license fee was, he asked, "What do you peddle?"

Then we discovered that he had taken us for a couple of peddlers and wanted to collect a peddler's license from us. When explanations had been made we had a good laugh all around. (That was the best we could have; the burg is dry.)

We remained in McCammon that day and until evening of the next day, "fixing a few mouths" and writing a few prescriptions for various disorders.

There was not much work "in sight," and so we left for the next town south on the Oregon Short line.

Our finances were now in a very bad way, and we just *had* to do some work. The next town south for which we were now heading was a very small place of not more than one hundred and fifty people, and we probably would not have stopped off there at all except for the fact that we had been informed that a short distance from there a large dam was under construction for

irrigation purposes. The builders of this dam employed around three hundred horses and mules, and we thought we might find a lot of work to do among them.

When we got off the train we walked to the end of the one street in the town and sat down on the stoop in front of a hardware store. We took an inventory of our cash and there were just two dollars and ninety-five cents all told. We were now about three thousand miles from home, among total strangers, and a rather dubious outlook for improvement. We were in a deuce of a hole; if we were not successful in landing a good bit of work at the dam, we would most surely have to ride out of town on the bumpers or walk. The town was too small, we thought, to keep one veterinarian in cigar money, let alone support two in grub.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we got through counting our cash, and in view of the standing of our money bag, we decided to make an attempt to get out to the dam-site at once.

I walked over to the livery stable and asked how far it was to the place, and was told it was a good fifteen miles out and that the charge for hauling us out there would be three dollars. Here was some regular tough luck! Fifteen miles to the dam; we had been told it was two or three miles from town. And three dollars for a livery rig to the place; and we had only \$2.95!

I went back to the hardware store where my brother was sitting on the stoop waiting for me,

and asked him to search his pockets once more to see if he couldn't locate another nickel.



"Ain't no use," he says to me; "and besides we're a *dime* shy now; I went and bought a

nickel's worth of plug while you were down to the stable."

For this I had to give him "a calling down," because we had agreed to cut out all smoking and chewing until we got hold of some more money. We were both inveterate users of plug tobacco, but I could quit when I had to, while my brother couldn't. To square himself, he gave me half of the plug he bought, and then we both sat down to ruminate over our situation.

Just when we had about found a solution to our predicament, the hardware man came out and chased us off the stoop for spitting tobacco juice all over it. "What do you think this is; a cow stable?" he asked us.

We sat down on some farm implements that were piled to one side of the stoop, and my brother said to me, "Hell of a guy; won't even let a feller spit. Let's walk out of their darn old town; its only twelve miles to the next burg."

"Not me," says I, "I'm going to ride out of this place first-class if I have to swipe a dog to do it."

And for a while we sat there, trying to think up some scheme, anything to get out of town gracefully.

I began to walk around a bit, and as I passed a store I heard a man talking about a wagon having come in town for provisions for the crew at the dam. I located the wagon, and when the driver came out of the place I asked him whether he thought a good veterinary surgeon could get anything to do at the dam. He said he didn't

know, but if I would go over to the town restaurant I would find one of the bosses, who was eating there and who could give me the information I wanted. This looked like genuine good luck for us after all, and I immediately went in search of the boss, finding him in the restaurant, just as the driver of the wagon had described him. He was a good-natured looking chap, and I did not hesitate to approach. I told him who and what I was and suggested that possibly some of the horses at the dam might require veterinary attention. "Well, I'll tell you," he said, "I don't think we can use you; we had all their teeth fixed about a month ago, and I don't know of a single horse out there requiring anything in your line."

All my hopes smashed to smithereens!

Here we had steered for this one-man town solely because we figured on getting a bunch of work out of those three hundred horses at the dam-site; and now we find that every one of them is sound as a dollar!

I walked back to where my brother was waiting for me and broke the sad news to him gently.

While we stood there bemoaning our hard luck, a team of mules was driven up to the little drug-store across the street from where we stood. One of the mules looked very thin and in extremely poor condition; the man driving them tied them to a post and went into the drug store.

My brother, who is good at "getting acquainted" followed him into the drug store. He told the druggist he was a veterinarian, that he intended to remain in town a few days and

that he would consider it a favor if the druggist would allow him to make his headquarters in his store.

The druggist, of course, immediately had visions of stacks of money coming in from large veterinary prescriptions and welcomed my brother with open arms. "Sure," he said, "make this your hangout. I will do all I can for you." The man who had driven the team of mules up to the store stood by listening, and the druggist lost no time in introducing my brother to him.

My brother remarked about the poor condition of one of the mules and suggested that possibly he had "a bad mouth." The man said he was sure there was something wrong with him because he got as much feed as the other mule and yet he would not pick up. My brother suggested that an examination be made and the fellow agreed; in fact, he said he was very glad that he had met a "veterinary" who could do something for the mule.

When I, standing on the other side of the street, saw my brother come out of the store with the fellow and walk over to the skinny mule and examine his teeth, I felt like dancing a Highland fling right there. I knew my brother well enough to know that if there was any money in that man's pocket my brother could induce him to pay out some of it.

Pretty soon the fellow untied the team, got into his wagon and drove away. My brother came over to where I stood, and from the way he worked his jaws over the plug in his mouth, I

could see that he felt pretty good about something.

"Well," I asked him, "what's on the program?"

"Easy pickings," he says, "tonight when the fellow comes in we are to fix that mule's teeth, and examine the mouths of four more."

There is no use trying to write down how good we felt then.

Just about sun-down they came in with his team and two more teams. We floated all their mouths, six of them; and the last two by lantern light! When we finished up, the fellow paid us twelve dollars, and I don't remember any time in my life when I felt as rich as I did with my half of that twelve dollars that night.

We were in a new world once more, and we slept a good sleep in the hotel that night.

It wasn't such a bad little town after all and we decided to "stick around" a while.

CHAPTER XX

WE MAKE A HIT

We got out early the next morning and began to "mix" a bit with the natives. We learned that this little one-horse town was the supply center for an immense territory surrounding it, and that the farmers in the region were prosperous, owned much stock and had good crops year after year as a result of intelligent application of dry-farming methods. A few had installed private irrigating systems. We also learned that there was a quack living in a town about twenty-five miles away who made regular trips through this region, and from all reports he was "coining money."

The result of this state of affairs was that we stayed in that little town for ten straight weeks, during which we did around six hundred dollars worth of work. Besides this, we enjoyed every minute of our stay; the climate there at that time of the year is one of the most healthful and invigorating in the United States. When you wake up in the morning, you feel like challenging the winner of the last Marathon for the world's championship.

My brother and I soon felt as though we "belonged;" we joined the local commercial club, and were active members in the community.

The little burg could boast of a regular baseball team, and when they discovered that my

brother was a capable "south-paw" twirler, they drafted him for service at once. In less than two weeks we were influential townsmen!

Of course, we didn't advertise the fact that we blew into town on "rusty runners," not far from being down and out. And no one ever even had any suspicions that we were ever short on money, for after we earned that first twelve dollars, we kept on gathering in the cash, and as both of us were more than free spenders, we made the impression of having more than enough money.

About a week after we arrived in town a local contingent staged a prize fight. The opposing scrappers were a young cow puncher of considerable scrappability and a Frenchman who was a helper on an engine crew engaged in the neighborhood. The Frenchman weighed at least forty pounds more than the cow puncher, but the cow puncher's reputation seemed to offset that.

The conditions of the scrap were that the big Frenchman must knock out the little cow puncher in five rounds; if the cow puncher was on his feet at the end of the fifth round, the Frenchman was to be declared the loser.

All arrangements had been made for the fight, which was to be staged on the floor of an implement warehouse where a "squared circle" had already been fixed up. At the last moment it was discovered that the fight had aroused such enthusiasm among the natives that it was an impossibility to select a referee from among them who would be agreeable to all parties; every man had bet to the limit of his means.

A conference was hurriedly held and a committee sent in search of my brother and myself. They stated that they had been sent to find out whether either of us had any knowledge of ring rules; that, being strangers in town and not biased on the issue, they thought that one of us would make a satisfactory referee if we thought we could handle the situation. My brother turned them over to me. While I had never acted in the capacity of a referee, I had had considerable ring experience, having on one occasion trained Johnnie Madden (one time bantam weight champion of the world), against big odds in his fight with Kid Mitchell of Mexico City. Besides this, I had faced a few battlers myself, and I felt that I could handle a match between a couple of "bush leaguers" like these all right.

When I informed them of all this, they literally dragged me over to the scene of action, where I found a mob of fans squatted on the rafters, on binders, hay-loaders, windmills, and every other kind of equipment with which the warehouse was filled. In the center of the floor a make-shift ring had been set, and everything was ready for the bell.

I pulled off my coat, rolled up my sleeves, and called the participants into one corner to get the conditions of the scrap and agree on rules. We then discovered that the cow puncher needed a "second," and my brother was selected to act in that capacity at my request. I wanted him handy in case it ended in a rough-house, and this was about as handy as I could wish.

Now everything is set; the contestants agree to fight clean, no hitting in the clinches. I impress on them the fact that I am not going in there to wrestle with them in the clinches, that when I call "break" they are to turn loose their hold; that I am going to referee this little tilt as though it were for the championship of the world and that I won't stand for any foolishness.

I then introduced them in the ring, and stated "officially" to the audience what the terms were, that if the cowpuncher was on his feet at the end of the fifth the Frenchy was the loser. The only chance the Frenchman had to win was to knock the cowpuncher cold.

I then made them shake hands, and "turned them loose."

And of all the fights I ever saw, that was the cleanest, fairest exhibition of skill and hard-hitting I *ever* saw!

The cowpuncher was speed personified; and he could take more punishment than a mule. And he made the Frenchman grunt every time he landed on him. The Frenchy was a cool, methodical slugger, and I am sure was a very dangerous opponent over a longer route. In less than three rounds, however, the cowpuncher had him looking like a steam roller had dragged him over a railroad bridge; he could not bend him though. Once he was down on one knee, but he covered up and came back strong.

At no time was the cowpuncher in danger of being knocked out, although I don't believe that any other small man could stand up under some

of the body blows that big Frenchman landed on him, like he did.

I had no trouble with them whatever; they obeyed my calls promptly in the clinches and hit clean. In the fifth round a half-breed Indian, who had bet heavily on the cowpuncher, yelled at me because the Frenchman was holding the cowpuncher's arms; I didn't happen to see it at once, being somewhat enthused over the exhibition and forgetting my executive office for the moment.

Aside from this there was no chance for a kick of any kind.

The end of the fifth round found the cowpuncher just getting good, while the Frenchman showed plainly that the speed was too much for him. According to the terms of the match, he had lost, and I raised the cowpuncher's hand, proclaiming him the winner. While considerable money changed hands after the fight, there was no disorder. I was the recipient of many flattering thanks for the manner in which I staged the affair; and it was really a fine little scrap.

CHAPTER XXI

OUR PRACTICE PROSPERS

When we had thoroughly investigated the chances for doing business in this little town we decided to "stick around" for awhile; and, as I have already stated, we "stuck around" for ten solid weeks.

The way we went after the business there was not in accord with the general conception of how to conduct an ethical veterinary practice. We did not sit down and wait for calls; we went right out after them.

Every morning about seven o'clock we would hire a team from the livery stable and drive in a certain direction until noon, stopping at every farm and ranch to solicit work. We would then cut across country a short distance and work along another road, which would bring us back to town by night.

We did this every day in the week except on Sunday and on certain days when the town was full of farmers, when we would usually do a nice day's work in town.

Our livery bill did not cut into our income very much because the liveryman made us special rates and then took it all out in veterinary services; we did nearly as much work for him as our livery cost. He had all his horses' teeth fixed, about twenty head; had a number of ringbones and splints to fire, colic cases, coughs, accidents, and

other odd troubles. As the quack who formerly did his work was in the habit of charging him outrageous fees, we had no trouble in making his bill equal ours for livery hire.

I remember that for one period of about three or four weeks our livery bill was around seventy dollars, every bit of which he took out in veterinary services during the same period of time.

After we got a good start, we would cover a certain territory every week, and we soon had cases under treatment in all parts of that district. The farmers seemed to take it as a regular custom; they were accustomed to such veterinary visits, which had been made in this manner by quacks for many years. Before we left, we knew every road for fifteen miles in all directions and knew nearly every farmer living around there. In a few directions we worked as far as twenty miles from town.

We also got a chance at those horses working on the dam; but we were "double-crossed" on the job, as I will explain later.

We encountered a few conditions in this part of Idaho which were entirely new to us. The most common, and yet the most interesting of these, was lupinosis among horses.

Almost without exception these cases occurred in young horses that had been pastured on alfalfa for a few weeks. It begins with a very severe form of scours; the evacuations are very watery and occur frequently. Within a few days the horse, although he keeps on eating as a rule, is wasted away to a skeleton. He gets "wabbly,"

and appears bright-eyed as a horse starving to death.

About the third or fourth day, the mucous membrane lining the mouth is the seat of ulcers, varying in size from a pea to the circumference of a quarter; they have irregular and ragged edges and stubbornly resist ordinary treatment. They emit a very foul odor and slowly increase in size. They are most marked around the margin of the gums and on the sides of the tongue.

Later edematous swellings appear in the extremities and abdomen. Death results, apparently from cachexia, in ten days to two weeks, when the horse gets down and remains in the recumbent state for a day or two before the end.

In one case we saw the ulcerations involve the skin also.

At first these cases gave us much worry, but we found later that we could handle them satisfactorily with large doses of oil of eucalyptus. The ulcerative stomatitis was treated locally, with Friars' balsam.

The first few doses of eucalyptus were given with a full dose of opium, until the scours were improved. The usual treatments for scours were of no avail in this disease.

Convalescence is very tardy following an attack of lupinosis; the horse is slow to regain his former vigor and powers of endurance. In some cases a persistent polyuria supervenes, which resists all treatment.

The only time I ever got an abscess from a subcutaneous injection was in a case of this kind.

Thinking that possibly the ulcerations in the mouth might yield to poly-bacterins, I gave the horse a full dose hypodermically. The result was no effect on the ulcerations but a large slough at the point of injection, which was difficult to heal up. Of course, I blamed the bacterins. But later, when I gave this same horse a hypodermic injection of strychnin as a stimulant I got another slough. I have never been able to explain this to my own satisfaction. It was not due to careless injection or dirty needle or syringe, because I had no trouble in other diseases, for which I gave injections with the same syringe and needle during that period.

The only half-plausible explanation is that there is a tendency in this disease towards the formation of ulcers as a result of which the capillary circulation is so subdued that anything injected subcutaneously remains at the site and, acting as a foreign body, produces the slough by pressure and decomposition of the agent injected. I have already mentioned that in one case we noted ulcerations on the skin.

One disease was conspicuous in this region only through its absence. During the entire ten weeks that we were there, handling fully around four hundred patients, we saw not one single case of pulmonary emphysema. This we attribute to the dry air and high altitude; the altitude here was around six thousand feet above sea level.

A very interesting condition which we encountered in a mare here was a cancerous condition of the mammary gland. Resection was followed

rapidly by a new invasion of the remaining portion of the gland.

Because of the manner in which we drove out to get our business, we were compelled to carry drugs and dispense. Only when doing business in town could we write prescriptions for the edification and benefit of our friend, the druggist.

When he discovered that our prescriptions were not coming in as fast as he expected and that we were dispensing, he began to "rob" us on drugs. We had to buy everything from him because we were too far from any other place where we could get drugs.

We stood for his "robbery" a while, and then we induced a storekeeper, who was selling patent medicines and crude drugs, to put in a line of drugs for our benefit. The fellow was willing, and we made an agreement whereby my brother and I were to get our drugs for cost plus the freight, and half the profit on all prescriptions, which, of course, we had to compound ourselves as the fellow was not a druggist.

This was an incentive, to be sure, for us to write all the prescriptions we could and cut down our dispensing as much as possible. Within a few weeks we had a nice share of profit coming on prescriptions, but—the fellow wouldn't pay up!

I will go into this fully farther on in my story.

CHAPTER XXII

WE GET A RAW DEAL

About four or five weeks after we located in this little town a man came to see us from the dam-site with the request that we call at the dam for the purpose of investigating some trouble they were having among their horses.

I questioned him thoroughly in regard to the nature of the trouble and was informed that they had been losing two or three horses a week. I told him that we would go out and locate the trouble and put a stop to the losses for one hundred dollars a day. If it could be accomplished in one day that would be their good fortune; if it took a week it would be our good fortune. I gave them reasonable assurance that we could probably complete the job in three days without much doubt.

The man returned to the dam to report to the superintendent, who was to call us if our proposition was satisfactory. He called up the same evening, saying that we could start in the morning.

The next morning my brother and I drove out, arriving at the dam about nine o'clock.

Two horses were sick when we got there; both had typical attacks of acute indigestion.

One of the men in charge told us that the seven or eight horses that had died had acted exactly

the same as these two, and he was sure these would die also.

We took them in hand and in an hour or two both of them were entirely well. We gave them ordinary treatment for acute indigestion.

When we began looking into the feed supply, we discovered that there was not a sprig of hay on the place. There had been some hitch in the proceedings, as a result of which the outfit was unable to obtain sufficient hay at any time. For two straight weeks, all the horses got nothing but oats, aside from a few handfuls of oat-straw for roughness now and then.

We learned that nearly all the horses that had died were taken sick immediately after the noon feed, for the eating of which they were allowed a half hour.

We took our time in arriving at a verdict, but the evidence pointed plainly and unmistakeably to the unbalanced ration, all oats and no roughness. We were positive that this alone was the cause of all the trouble, and that same afternoon we reported so to the superintendent.

And he laughed at us! He said that he had expected we would find the fault with the feed and that he had made up his mind not to pay us if we could find nothing else.

Of course, he was crooked; we discovered later that this was what ailed him. But we couldn't talk him into coming across with the hundred dollars; fifteen dollars is all we got.

We kept track of them and found out that they immediately got busy buying hay; also that

they cut out the noon feed as we had suggested. *And the trouble stopped immediately*, only one or two very mild cases appearing after this.

It was the rawest deal we ever got and it made us pretty "sore"; we had absolutely no chance to get a square deal and we had to be satisfied with the fifteen dollars. We did not even get the satisfaction of speaking our mind; the camp was an aggregation of "touch-mugs," and while my brother and I had faced some pretty tough gangs, we knew too much about "safety first" to show fight here; we could "feel it in the atmosphere" that this game had been deliberately framed up on us.

I don't doubt but what we would have been "man-handled" had we so much as "peeped." However, we let them know later that had we had any premonition that such a deal was to be pulled on us, we would have gotten our hundred dollars! For in that day and age my brother and I were mighty handy fellows with a shooting iron, and our view of life in those days was such that our nerve was mighty good, and we didn't "scare worth a darn."

Although we sent them this information as a sort of challenge, none of them ever "called our hand." They were nothing but a gang of bluffers, and only pulled off their dirty work where they knew they could get away with it.

One satisfaction we derived later, though; it was when a horse was seriously injured a few weeks later by falling off the dump. Of course, they could not send for my brother or me, and

in consequence were compelled to employ a quack who lived some thirty miles away. He charged them \$45.00 for the trip; and the horse died.

The fees we charged for our work while we were in this locality were reasonable, all things considered. The people in this region are nearly all Mormons, and while we found them a bit clan-nish, they were good people; most of them paid cash and we lost only a few dollars, which we could have collected also had we made the attempt.

There is an item which must be considered in doing work as we did here, and that is that the relation between the veterinarian and the client is not the same. It is probably only a psychological difference; but there *is* a difference in doing work for a man that you have asked for or solicited, and in doing work that a man has called you to do.

The veterinarian's demeanor towards the client must be most reserved in the first instance, and he must be more conservative throughout than he usually is in the latter instance. In this connection the itinerant practitioner must resort to his salesmanship ability to the limit, for it is often a difficult matter to obtain a certain piece of work without exceeding the bounds of conservatism. If he fails to impress on the prospective client the fact that he can treat the case in question successfully, he is usually not successful in getting the job. On the other hand, if his assertions in regard to his ability are too rash and his promises

of results too broad, he may involve himself in a "guarantee" proposition, which makes it difficult for him to collect his fee.

This form of practice is good schooling for the diplomatic service; the veterinarian must avoid the issue as much as possible in his arguments and yet gain his point.

I have known some capable and well-schooled veterinarians who, possessed of a wandering spirit, spent the greater part of their lives as itinerant practitioners, and who were diplomacy personified. Some of these men are most interesting characters and a recital of their experiences is always instructive in every regard.

CHAPTER XXIII

A SUDDEN DEPARTURE

Towards the end of our stay in this little town, I met a cattle-buyer who had lived in the southwest for some time and who knew a good many of my old friends along the Mexican border. He was now in Idaho buying beef cattle for a firm in Reno, Nevada, and he suggested that I ride around the country with him in his search for a train-load of steers.

My brother was willing that I should go, and so I went.

The best we could do was the purchase of about nine carloads of two and three-year-old steers near Oxford, Idaho.

My new-found friend prevailed on me to accompany the shipment to Reno, which was made through Ogden, Utah, and then across Salt Lake over the Union Pacific.

We turned the cattle over in Reno and then came back to Ogden, from which point I returned to again take up the work with my brother. While in Reno I was given an opportunity to go to San Francisco with another shipment of cattle, but I was "travel-worn" to such an extent that the trip had no allurements for me. I was anxious to get back to Idaho, and I refused the offer.

When I returned to the little burg, my brother informed me that he had endeavored to collect

our share of the profits on prescriptions according to the agreement we had made with the storekeeper, but that the storekeeper had refused to settle.

We took the matter up with him again then, and he told us that he would share no profits until enough money had come in from prescriptions to cover his entire investment on the proposition. The entire outlay had been for a full supply of drugs, scales, mortars, graduates, bottles, ointment jars, labels, etc., and it amounted to considerable; if we had to wait until he had his money back for the whole outfit, we would be waiting yet.

Of course, he was figuring all right for himself, but the point to which we objected was that our agreement made no such stipulation; it was clearly agreed that we were to get a dividend every few weeks. The reader will readily understand that my brother and I would not enter into a proposition from which we could draw no profit for a year when we knew we would not remain in town that long. The fellow was "trying to put one over" on us.

But the poor fellow made a mistake in addition while he was doing all this figuring for himself.

My brother and I had about exhausted the veterinary possibilities in the region just then; the harvest had been made and we could see a slackening in work. We had seen every inch of their country and were just about ready to "fly the coop" anyhow.

But it wasn't so easy to get away now; we had

this storekeeper to look out for. He was loaded down with this drug supply and other items depending wholly on us, and we feared he would create a disturbance if the two of us made a move to quit.

So we framed up a one-act drama for him. It worked like this:

A few days after he refused to give us our share of the profits I informed him that my brother and I had decided to dissolve partnership and that I would move to a town about fifty miles below, while my brother would remain to continue the practice that we had established here. I then left, taking along both my brother's trunk and mine.

A couple of days later I sent my brother a telegram stating that I had an operation to perform that required his assistance and requesting him to come to my town, fifty miles south, at once.

He showed the telegram to everybody in town, I guess, as he told me afterward, and nobody "smelled a mice."

In the meantime I purchased two tickets straight through to Cheyenne, Wyoming, checked out the trunks and when the train on which my brother was coming arrived in my town I joined him; and straight to Cheyenne we went.

We were sincerely sorry that we had to pull off this stunt on the storekeeper, but he was at fault. Had he been on the square with us we would have remained at least a while longer and would then have made him an offer which would at least

have gotten him his money back. I have often wondered what he did with that drug outfit after we left.

CHAPTER XXIV

MY BROTHER FILES A CLAIM

Before I close the account of our experiences in Idaho I want to mention a little experience my brother had there.

After we had been in the state four or five weeks he became so enamoured of the beautiful climate and the success of dry-farming that he decided to take up a claim and make Idaho his permanent abode.

He made inquiries among the natives regarding the location of land still open to settlement and after looking over a number of tracts he decided on a quarter section of plateau land located near a place called Pebble. It was a most beautiful piece of land, and a small stream bounded it on one side.

The government land office was located in Blackfoot, and to that place my brother went to file on the land. When he got to Blackfoot and pointed out the location on the land-map, he discovered that the piece was in the forest reserve and not subject to claim.

He then picked out a quarter section near what is known as Ten Mile Pass; both of us had driven over every foot of the country around Ten Mile Pass and we were acquainted with the nature of the land there. Some of it was ideally situated.

So my brother filed on a quarter section, pocketed the papers, and came back. The next

morning we hired a team and drove out to look at his "claim."

When we got our bearings and measured off the tract by counting the revolutions of a wheel on our buggy, it turned out to be a tract of solid rock, resembling asphalt; not over ten acres was tillable land. A few miles from Ten Miles Pass there is an extinct volcano, which in past ages paved a great section of the country with lava, resembling now a solid covering of asphalt.

Taking it all in all, we got considerably the worst of it in Idaho. First, the "double-cross" at the dam-site; second, the filing on 160 acres of stone; third, the "double-cross" by the storekeeper. But,—we got a nice wad of their cash, more than we could have gotten for the same amount of work in any other part of the United States.

We carry no grudge against the region or its people; we got good pay for what we did.

CHAPTER XXV

WE GO ON A LOAFING TOUR

When my brother and I made up our minds to leave Idaho, we had no particular goal in view; we were still tramps.

Arriving in Cheyenne we decided to take things a bit easy again for a time; we had a few dollars in our pockets now and we had just enough "hook-worm disease" to keep from exerting ourselves as long as our money lasted.

We took in the sights around the neighborhood of Cheyenne, and then we took a run down to Denver. In Denver we spent nearly a week, living a life of ease and contentment on the money we had made in Idaho.

We had a few hundred dollars left when we finished our stay in Denver, which we exchanged for Travelers' Cheques before leaving. These checks are as acceptable as cash in most places and they are safer than cash because the owner must endorse them properly before negotiating them.

When we had seen all there was to be seen in and around Denver, we bought tickets for Omaha, Nebraska, where we put in another week or so of easy life.

Towards the end of our stay in Omaha we had to go a little easy on our expense account because it was about used up. Not until we had only about thirty dollars left did we begin to give con-

sideration to what we would do to get some more money. After several days of argument on the question, we decided to take a run home to see the folks in Wisconsin and then decide on a definite program. We had just about enough money left to get home in first-class fashion now, and we lost no time in buying railroad tickets.

We spent a week or so of good times among our people and then my brother went to Minnesota to seek his fortune while I obtained a place as assistant to the State Veterinarian in our home state.

And for six months both of us gave not a minute to play. Then, by a strange coincidence both of us quit our jobs at the same time and arrived home among the folks on the same day.

Of course, the folks are of the opinion to this day that this joint home-coming on our part was pre-arranged; but my brother and I give you our word of honor as good fellows that neither of us knew anything about the other's program until we met there at home.

However, before night of our first day at home, we had arranged to take another trip into South Dakota as tramp veterinarians, and the end of another week found us once more in Chamberlain, doing business at my brother's old stand.

CHAPTER XXVI

SOUTH DAKOTA AGAIN

This second trip of ours into South Dakota did not turn out to be a very successful venture from a financial standpoint. In fact it was so unsuccessful that it just about cured both of us of our failing for an itinerant practice.

We arrived during the first week in July, and business was so slow in starting that we had to resort to the method pursued by us in Idaho. We would hire a rig every morning and drive over a certain section of road soliciting work.

We got a few calls, but most of the work we did there on this trip we obtained by driving about and asking for it.

On one of these drives, we came to a farmer for whom we had treated a colt a year previously, just before we left for Idaho.

The colt had fallen into a water trough and had fractured the metatarsus of one hind leg. The colt was six or eight months old at the time, and the fracture was a complete, oblique break with considerable displacement. We had treated it ordinarily, with wood splits held in place by plaster of paris bandages.

When we saw the colt now, a full year later, the result had been so perfect that it was not easy to pick out the leg that had been broken. There was a smooth fullness on the shin resembling a

"buck shin," but otherwise there was no objective evidence of a healed fracture.

We also saw a case of sweeney that we had treated a year before by injecting sodium bicarbonate solution subcutaneously in the atrophied area. The muscle had filled in beautifully, but at each point of injection there was a "button" of fibrous tissue.

Another case we had treated the year before, again came to our attention this year in a very aggravated form. It was a case that had once been treated by a quack for a necrosed tooth; the quack had trephined the superior maxilla for the purpose of repulsing the tooth. In the act of repulsing, the punch slipped off the fang and crashed through the hard palate, coming out just inside the dental arcade and leaving an ugly hole on its withdrawal.

When the case came into our hands the first time, there was the beginning of a cauliflower-like growth at the opening made by the punch in the roof of the mouth; it had attained the size of a billiard ball then.

The horse also exhibited a severe grade of dyspnea, which we attributed to a similar growth or an extension of the same growth, in the maxillary and nasal chambers. On the strength of this, we trephined him again and removed an immense mass of new growths resembling "proud flesh." The removal was accomplished through the trephine opening, taking the growth away in sections with a large curette. A very profuse hemorrhage ensued.

The portion protruding through the opening made by the quack's punch in the roof of the mouth we removed with a wire ecraseur and then cauterized the base.

The hemorrhage occurring in the sinus was controlled with packing.

We did not see the horse again until now, a year later, when we were driving in the neighborhood soliciting work.

The condition had now progressed to a stage where the horse was a pitiable sight. The growth within the mouth had formed anew and had attained such dimensions that it was impossible for the horse to close his mouth entirely. Judging from the difficulty in breathing, we inferred that the growth in the sinuses and nasal chamber had increased proportionately. A stinking odor was present and the horse had wasted to a skeleton.

We recommended his destruction.

We had now been driving around the country looking for work for about four weeks; we did a little work every day, but it was so little that we could barely pay our board bill with the proceeds.

We had plenty of friends there and a good string of satisfied clients for whom we had worked the year previously, but we could not get started this year; somehow we couldn't land any work to speak of. Whether it was because we had lost the "hang" of talking the work into our hands or whether it was just an "off" year for us, I am not able to say.

Before long we found it so hard to make ends

meet in town that we decided to "camp" a few weeks with an old chum of my brother's who lived about ten miles from town on a farm. We



figured that we could at least save our hotel expenses for a couple of weeks, and we intended to get a rig from my brother's chum to use in

driving about the region in search of veterinary work.

The "chum" was glad to see us and invited us to "hang around" as long as it suited us. He said we could use one of his horses and his buggy free of charge and that he hoped we would make a barrel of money.

We felt as though somebody had made us a present of a gold mine! The next morning after breakfast, he ordered his hired-man to put the harness on "old chip" and hook him to "Lizzie's buggy." We thought he was too good to us and told him we could just as well do the "hitching up" ourselves. He assured us that nothing was too good for us. I asked my brother what made the fellow so generous; I thought maybe my brother had saved his life on some occasion or had raised the mortgage on his farm. He was "too nice for anything."

But when the hired-man led up "old chip" hooked to "Lizzie's buggy" I changed my opinion of the whole business; I thought then that maybe my brother had done him a dirty trick once, and I have often wished since that I had taken a picture of the outfit to keep as a remembrance.

"Old Chip" looked to be about the oldest chip off the block; he had every bump on him that a horse can have and still retain enough flexibility to be able to walk. He was so sore in front that a person felt like hollering "Ouch!" for him every time he put a foot down. And the buggy! Did I say "buggy"? Well, anybody seen riding in a

thing like that was would certainly be considered "buggy" in any civilized country outside of South Dakota! Each wheel on it was different; one of the front wheels was as high as the two rear wheels and the two rear wheels were not quite mates either. The dashboard was gone, and the thills were about as heavy as those they use on brewery carts. And not a joint in the whole machine but what was all bound 'round with hay wire.

Then, to cap the grand climax, "old Chip" had on a brand new Shears-Storebuck harness.

And I suppose you have got all your brain cells busy trying to figure out whether my brother and I drove that outfit around the country or not. You bet we did! We were glad to get it, too. Our funds were exhausted and the only means we had of replenishing them so that we could get away was by driving around in search of any work there might be for us to do. "Old Chip" and "Lizzie's Buggy" didn't cost us a cent for hire and we were too hard pressed to look a gift horse in the mouth.

We drove "old Chip" around that part of the country for about a week and during that week my brother and I were the "joke" of the region; every farmer we tackled for a job in the veterinary line had some sort of remark to make about why we didn't fix our own horse first, or something of a similar nature. At last it got on my nerves and I made it a point to start the talk about "old Chip" of my own accord; in that way

I would "beat them to it" and get it over with as soon as possible.

Just the same we earned a few dollars during that week, and as we had no livery or board bills to pay it was all "velvet." Considering how hard we "went after them" however, we did a very poor business.

As an illustration of how hard we "went after them" that week I will relate the following. One morning as we stopped at about the fourth farm without having done any work, we saw a farmer in a field cultivating corn. We pulled up to the fence and waited until he came down to our end of the field. He was driving a team of pretty good horses to the cultivator; they were small but good chunks, and one of them looked just a bit thin. We told the farmer who we were and what we did and suggested that he let us examine the thin horse's teeth. He consented to have it done after some argument, and the horse's mouth really needed attention. He said we could come around in the evening and fix them up; but we were afraid he might change his mind by that time, or possibly somebody might talk him out of the notion. So we talked him *into* the notion of having the job done right away, and we fixed those teeth right there in the corn-field. He had no money with him, so we got him to write a note to his wife ordering her to pay us \$2.50; we drove to his house and collected the money.

On another occasion we wrote a prescription for a farmer for use on a lame horse, charging him one dollar for it. When we got ready to

leave he said he had no money in the house; we suggested that he give us a check for the dollar but to this he said that his account at the bank was drawing interest and not subject to check.

We handled the situation so delicately and so tactfully that he finally gave us his note for one dollar, which we collected too.

No doubt "old Chip" and "Lizzie's buggy" were the cause of half the turn-downs we got; if our own appearance and our arguments instilled a grain of confidence in our ability into a farmer "old Chip" and "Lizzie's buggy" were enough to jar it out of him again. But, they didn't cost us anything, and it is a question whether we would have done much better with a livery outfit, for which we would have had to pay \$3.00 a day.

At the end of a week, we were so disgusted with the whole proposition that we decided to quit and leave. My brother had saved most all of his money and could buy a railroad ticket back east; he left for Tennessee a few days later, while I remained in Chamberlain. I got a job packing cigars in a cigar factory and earned enough money to pay my way to Chicago.

CHAPTER XXVII

BACK TO GOVERNMENT SERVICE

In the fall of 1912 I was once more appointed to a federal position, having taken the Civil Service examination again.

This time I was put on post-mortem work at the Union Stock Yards, Chicago.

I found that a great change for the better had been wrought in this work; in fact, post-mortem work as performed in 1904 when I was in the service the first time could not be compared with the work as it now is.

The present-day inspection is real, and aside from some local irregularities, for which the inspector in charge was to blame, I could see nothing but good in the work. I can not say too much in praise of the work performed by the veterinary inspector doing postmortem work today; in fact, some of the routine work done day after day by these men is a most wonderful exhibition of skill and expertness.

I remained in Chicago about four months at this work, when I resigned and organized a proprietary medicine company.

I operated this enterprise very successfully for myself and stockholders, and sold my interest in it the next spring at a good profit.

When I had disposed of my holdings in the medicine company I made application for reinstatement in the Bureau of Animal Industry,

and received an appointment in the tick eradication division in Mississippi. This made my fourth appointment to service in the Bureau, and I must say it was about the worst.

My orders on this appointment were to report to the inspector in charge at Nashville, Tenn. When I got to Nashville I was given a few hours to myself and then I was told to proceed at once to Crystal Springs, Miss. There I reported to the inspector in charge, and was then at once sent to Hazelhurst, Miss., which was to be my official station.

My conception of tick eradication was as yet somewhat vague; I knew what the principle was but I had absolutely no knowledge of how it was reached. Imagine my surprise, then, when my superior informed me that my duty for the present would be to supervise the construction of dipping vats. These vats consist of trenches dug in the ground and plastered with concrete. I began to suspect that some mistake had been made in my commission, or that my name and appointment had been confused with that of some brick layer or hod carrier, and I told the inspector-in-charge so.

"No," he said, "your commission is all right and regular. This work is part of the veterinary inspector's duty." I had a notion to tell him that the college I graduated from did not include concrete construction work in its curriculum.

Anyhow, it is one of the pieces of "judgment" that is seen quite regularly in the government

service; a man must be a graduate of a three-year veterinary school and must pass the Civil Service examination in all veterinary subjects so that he may be shipped into the tick country to supervise the digging and plastering of dipping vats. Aside from watching one or two dipping operations and the cooking up of a few batches of dipping fluid, I did nothing but "supervise" vat building.

When I had been on the job about two weeks, I was transferred to Liberty, Miss., which is near the Louisiana line. Here I was to take up the work of tick eradication with the county board and to work out a plan of advance work. Before I could get my bearings, I was again transferred, this time to Quitman, Miss., near the Alabama line.

In this latter district the tick eradication campaign was meeting with considerable opposition from the farmers and stock raisers; a few vats had been blown up with dynamite and the inspector threatened.

It may be that my superior officers figured that, in view of my early experiences with "rough-necks" in Texas, I should be just the man for this job. Well, maybe so; but, nine or ten years had passed since I last looked into the front end of a "forty-five." What looks like fun and enjoyment to the lad of twenty-two looks like "bad business" to him at thirty-two; at least, that was the way with me. Then, too, the inspector whom I was to relieve and who was "tickled to death to get away" was a pretty clear-

eyed young lad from Kansas; no tenderfoot by any means. That made some difference with me, too; I sized the whole proposition up that way and sent in my resignation, leaving for the north the same day.

Had the inspector whom I was to relieve there been a "tenderfoot" I might have given those "hill-billies" down there a whirl for their money; as I said, and as it was, he was a clear-eyed lad from Kansas, and cold feet didn't trouble him much.

An interesting state of affairs seems to exist in the Bureau service as regards the value placed upon their positions by the various grades of employes. I found this state of affairs in existence among the inspectors every time I was in the service, and that is that the young veterinarians are all waiting for an opportunity to get "into something else," usually general practice or the manufacture of anti-hog-cholera serum. Only on very rare occasions did I meet young inspectors who intended to remain in the service. Practically the only ones possessed of the idea that they are holding a life berth are the "old timers" who have been given charge of some station or are being paid more than the average inspector.

One reason, and to my mind the chief reason, for this state of affairs is the fact that the new appointee or the inspector in the ranks receives little or no consideration in matters that affect his personal comfort, especially as regards his geographical preferences.

While it is a practical impossibility to accede to every demand made on the executive officers in this regard, it appeared to be the practice to ignore even most reasonable requests. It was no uncommon occurrence for an appointee to be ordered to report for duty in the extreme west, when his home and preference for location lay in the extreme east, at the same time that another man was shipped from the extreme west to take office in the east. A man had no chance to make a permanent home for himself and his family either; at any time he might be transferred from one point to another a thousand miles away. I remember the case of an inspector in the post-mortem division at Chicago who made every effort to obtain a transfer to a southern station; no attention whatever was given to his requests although a number of changes were made almost every month to some of the points that would have been agreeable to him. In several instances the men ordered to make such changes were northern men who preferred to remain in the north, and, although this man and others were anxious to take a southern station, no attention was given their desires.

Again, I knew of many instances where inspectors made requests for transfer to field work, men who were exceptionally fitted for field work because of their personality and their previous experience. Their requests were ignored, while at the same time men entirely unfitted for field work were constantly being sent out on such work.

Any inspector can tell you of dozens and dozens of such occurrences, and it is one of the "sore spots" in the service, no matter where it is.

Here is another case. A certain inspector had been at one station continually for four or five years, long enough for him to assume that he could look upon it as his permanent abode. He bought a lot and built himself a home. The house was just about completed when he was ordered to report for duty at a station several hundred miles away. This happened to an inspector in Iowa.

Well, what could he do?

He could do one of two things; either move or quit the service.

And, after a fellow has been in the service for five years, well—he sort of feels queer about tackling practice; he is pretty rusty on everything but pathology, and he thinks hard before he quits. And usually, he moves.

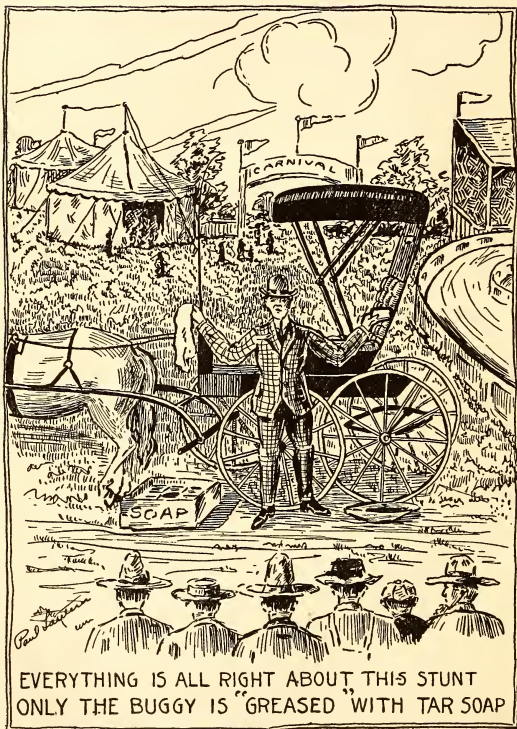
No wonder some of the "old timers" in the service are a narrow, grouchy, sour bunch of fellows. The service has made them so.

Here, for instance, is a poor fellow on post-mortem work in Chicago working from seven in the morning to six in the evening among a mob of foreigners, when his *heart* is really in Colorado or California. He has filed a request to be transferred to one of those points, and although he hears of some of the boys being moved out there, fellows who probably prefer Chicago, he is kept plugging away here for months and months; yes, maybe years.

Enough to make a good fellow grouchy!

Of course, there are some fellows who do not feel settled anywhere, and they keep filing request after request for transfer from one locality to another. I was one of this kind myself; I "always wanted to be where I wasn't." But these fellows are the exception, not the rule.

Anyhow, to my mind, it is a pretty punk specimen of the veterinary profession that can not beat the Bureau salary and comforts to a frazzle in practice! Any ordinary little practice will *net* a fellow nearly as much as the Bureau salary amounts to; and you can be a human being at least,—which is something, too.



EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT ABOUT THIS STUNT
ONLY THE BUGGY IS "GREASED" WITH TAR SOAP

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CHAPTER XXVIII

THE TEACHINGS OF TRAVEL

Our last experience in South Dakota just about "cured" both my brother and me, and we have now settled down, my brother in Iowa and I in Wisconsin.

While we gained nothing from a financial standpoint, we learned many lessons that are as good as cash invested in substantial enterprises.

One of the big lessons we learned early in our experience is the custom of "clique rule," which exists in all small towns, and which is one of the most important factors bearing on a practitioner's popularity in a small town. Ninety per cent of the inhabitants of all small towns are not conscious of the existence of "clique" influence although they are active members of such cliques.

When a practitioner first locates in a small town, *and it makes absolutely no difference what or where the town is*, he must refrain from becoming enmeshed in one or the other of these cliques, and this he can do best by forming no fast or particular friendships until he gets the lay of the land. In a small town you are either a "friend of mine" or an enemy; a "middle" existence is almost impossible. If it is true that it is hard for a practitioner to do well in his "home" town, this is the chief reason; he belongs to a certain clique and does not realize it.

It is hard to make this plain in writing, but here is the way to keep out of "cliques":

1. Refrain from discussing personalities.
2. If there are two barber shops in your town, divide your patronage between them; a barber can do more harm to you, if you are unpopular with him, than any other man in town.
3. If your office is on the north side of town, let yourself be seen on the south side occasionally; if you hang too close on the north side, you will soon get into a little circle of acquaintances who will dominate your every move; in other words, you will drift into a "clique." "Big city fellows" can't see the point here, but "small town men" will know what I mean.

One reason for the existence of cliques in small towns is the fact that nearly all small towns are so full of competition in all lines of commercial endeavor that business absolutely controls friendship. You can theorize on this issue from now until the day of judgment and I can knock all your best arguments cold with wallops of actual experience and observation in more than five hundred small towns.

Another lesson we learned is that the small town is just as rotten in morals as Chicago or any big city. I don't care where your small burg is situated or how well you think you know your town; you don't know much about anybody outside of the clique you belong to. You stand for hours talking over personalities about those outside your clique, but you don't say much worth while listening to. A live tramp can show you the black spots in your burg, black spots that are

blackier than any you'll find in the big cities; and he does not have to be among you over forty-eight hours either.

On this point I want to say that we found the cleanest towns (small towns I mean), speaking from the standpoint of morals, among the much maligned Mormon inhabitants of the west; and the rottenest small towns, morally, we found in the middle west, from the Great Lakes to the Missouri river.

Another thing we learned is that the average farmer has less judgment in the handling of horses than the city horseman. I do not hesitate to say that seventy-five per cent of the trouble farmers have with their stock is the result of poor judgment displayed in feeding and working. And fully half the losses they suffer from live stock diseases are the result of poor nursing. If I must treat a severe case of any disease, give me anybody but a farmer to do the nursing.

We also learned that while the man who succeeds over a period of time must deal squarely and "deliver the goods", ninety per cent of all farmers we had anything to do with "want to be humbugged by strangers"; "and the slicker you do 'em the better they seem to like it." P. T. Barnum meant the rural population when he remarked "thusly" years ago; and it holds good today in spite of all this nonsense about the farmer not being a "rube" any more. Nine times out of ten he is "easy picking" for a stranger and "snap" for the traveling faker.

I have known the old "soap trick" to be pulled off in one of the best dairy sections of Wisconsin, where the farmers are supposed to be

examples of wisdom and enlightenment. This trick is "pulled off" about as follows, and has been pulled off just that way for fifty years.

A good appearing fellow "blows into" a town on County Fair day or some other big occasion; he drives a fine horse and buggy and by giving a talk gets a gathering of farmers. He tells them he is selling the only soap on earth capable of removing grease from clothes or hands by merely washing with it in cold water. To prove it he jumps out of his buggy, takes a wrench and removes a wheel and with his nice, white pocket handkerchief wipes the grease out of the box and axle. He then rubs some of his soap on the handkerchief, washes it in a basin of cold water and the handkerchief comes out white as snow.

The farmers can't get their money out quick enough, and the fellow sells a couple gross of two-cent soap at ten cents a bar in a few minutes.

Everything is all right about this stunt; only the buggy was "greased" with black tar soap.

I am just mentioning a few of these things, not because I am down on the "poor" farmer; I do business with the farmer every day, and I get along fine with him; but, because this constant noise about the farmer being so much brighter and having better brains than he used to have is sickening to a fellow who has seen them as I have. Sure, *some* farmers are a little "smarter" than their grandfathers were; but most of their knowledge they got out of Spears-Sawbuck or Jontmomery-Board's catalogues.

To the man who knows, the man who has seen farmer after farmer and town after town with an observing eye and an open mind, this talk of

improved farmers is just as foolish as the talk about the small-town girl going wrong in the big city. Nine times out of ten the "going wrong" took place in the small town before she ever saw the bright lights. If I had a young daughter, I would much rather see her grow up in the big city than in a small burg. If you are a city fellow with a growing daughter and want her to lose her virtue quickly, let her visit some small burg a few months with no more chaperoning than a country girl gets in a big city; if she succeeds in going straight for more than two weeks after she gets there, it will be because she has been quarantined for small-pox or something of that sort. I am merely stating a bold truth. Although I was raised in the city I have lived off the farmer, in small towns, for the last fifteen years and I am anything but prejudiced against the farmer.

Among the lessons we learned of a purely veterinary nature, one sticks out most prominently, and that is that most practitioners work too cheaply; they don't get enough money for what they do.

Another lesson we learned is that a large, unopposed field for practice usually means a poor field. For this reason so many locations seem to be vacant in the west; they will not support a veterinarian. In this we are reminded of a remark an old practitioner was in the habit of quoting: "Where you see the greatest number of bees, you will find the most honey"—an argument he used against such locations.

There are in the west numberless towns of from two thousand to four thousand population

without a veterinarian. The surrounding country is apparently well settled, but when you come to investigate you find that the farmers are poor, with not much prospect for ever getting rich or even well off. On the other hand, there are towns of around a thousand inhabitants a little further east supporting two or three veterinarians. We remember one town of ten thousand people that could not support one practitioner decently.

Were I to move into a new location today, I should prefer a strenuous competitive practice in the middle west to a large unopposed field in the west. An itinerant practice I would have—**NEVER AGAIN!**

I am not sorry one whit for the years I spent "knocking around"; every day something turns up which makes it possible for me to make good use of the experience I got during that period. This is especially true as regards the use of money; I can make a dollar go farther today than any other man I know of; and that is something.

Whether I will ever have a relapse of the wanderlust, I cannot tell; so far not a symptom appears. In concluding I will say that I have probably had a career as varied as ever a graduate veterinarian had. I have seen and performed every form of work along veterinary lines under the most varied conditions. Country practice, city practice, state work, government work in both post-mortem and quarantine divisions, drug salesman, manager of a pharmaceutical concern, department editor of a veterinary magazine; in fact, every line of veterinary work. And the best is yet in me.

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